THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

FOR the average American with a family income under $2,500 a year, serious illness is a double blow. For this American is not only sick, he is broke. The reach and effectiveness of modern medicine are costly; he must choose between neglect, debt, and charity. His plight is discussed by MICHAEL M. DAVIS, JR., executive secretary of the Committee on Dispensary Development and the author of many articles and books on social aspects of medicine, the most recent being Clinics, Hospitals and Health Centers (Harper, 1927). Page 119.

JUNE LUCAS (Mrs. William Palmer Lucas) is an outstanding citizen of San Francisco, active in many social movements. During the War she was with the Red Cross in France. Page 122.

JOSEPH LEE, of Boston, has been an ardent advocate of recreation for so long that he might almost be called a pre-natal member of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, of which he has been president since 1910. In Boston he is the champion of many good causes, particularly social legislation, through the Massachusetts Civic League, and as a member of the Boston School Committee and the Massachusetts Probation Commission. He is the author of Play and Education and of Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy. Here he restates his broad philosophy of recreation. Page 123.

J. RUSSELL SMITH divides his time between Columbia University, where he is professor of economic geography in the School of Business, and Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, where he works undisturbed at his penetrating articles and his books, of which the best known is North America. Readers of The Survey will recall his ringing challenge, Plan or Perish, in the Mississippi flood issue of last July. Page 127.

ON their tenth birthday, the community chests of the country have been invited to a party in the pages of The Survey in the hope that some new candles may be lighted while the old ones are counted and blown out for good luck. Page 132.

PROGRAM committees for meetings of health and social workers and their kin always come sooner or later to the decision, "See first if you can get DR. VINCENT." Just why the president of the Rockefeller Foundation is in such demand as a speaker is quite clear from even the brief notes of an address with which he opened a community chest campaign. Page 133.

WILLIAM J. NORTON is the dean of community chest executives. He organized the pioneer Cincinnati chest in 1913 after earlier experience in settlement work, college teaching and the Bureau of Municipal Research. Since 1917 he has been secretary of the Detroit Community Chest. He is the author of The Cooperative Movement in Social Work, published this year by Macmillan. Page 134.

WILLIAM COOPER PROCTER is the chairman and an active worker in the Community Chest and Council of Social Agencies of Cincinnati, which is almost as widely known as Ivory Soap, of which he is the manufacturer. Page 138.

ALLEN T. BURNS is the executive director of the Association of Community Chests and Councils. He has had a long career in social work—in the Y.M.C.A., the Chicago School of Civics, the Pittsburgh Civic Commission, the Cleveland Foundation, the Studies of Methods of Americanization, the Rochester Labor Adjustment Board and as president of the National Conference of Social Work. Page 139.

J. LIONBERGER DAVIS, chairman of the board of the St. Louis Security National Bank, is one of the most active social and civic leaders of his city and is himself a shining example of that spirit of St. Louis of which he writes. Page 144.

T. J. EDMONDS is the very active executive secretary of the Iowa Tuberculosis Association. Page 145.

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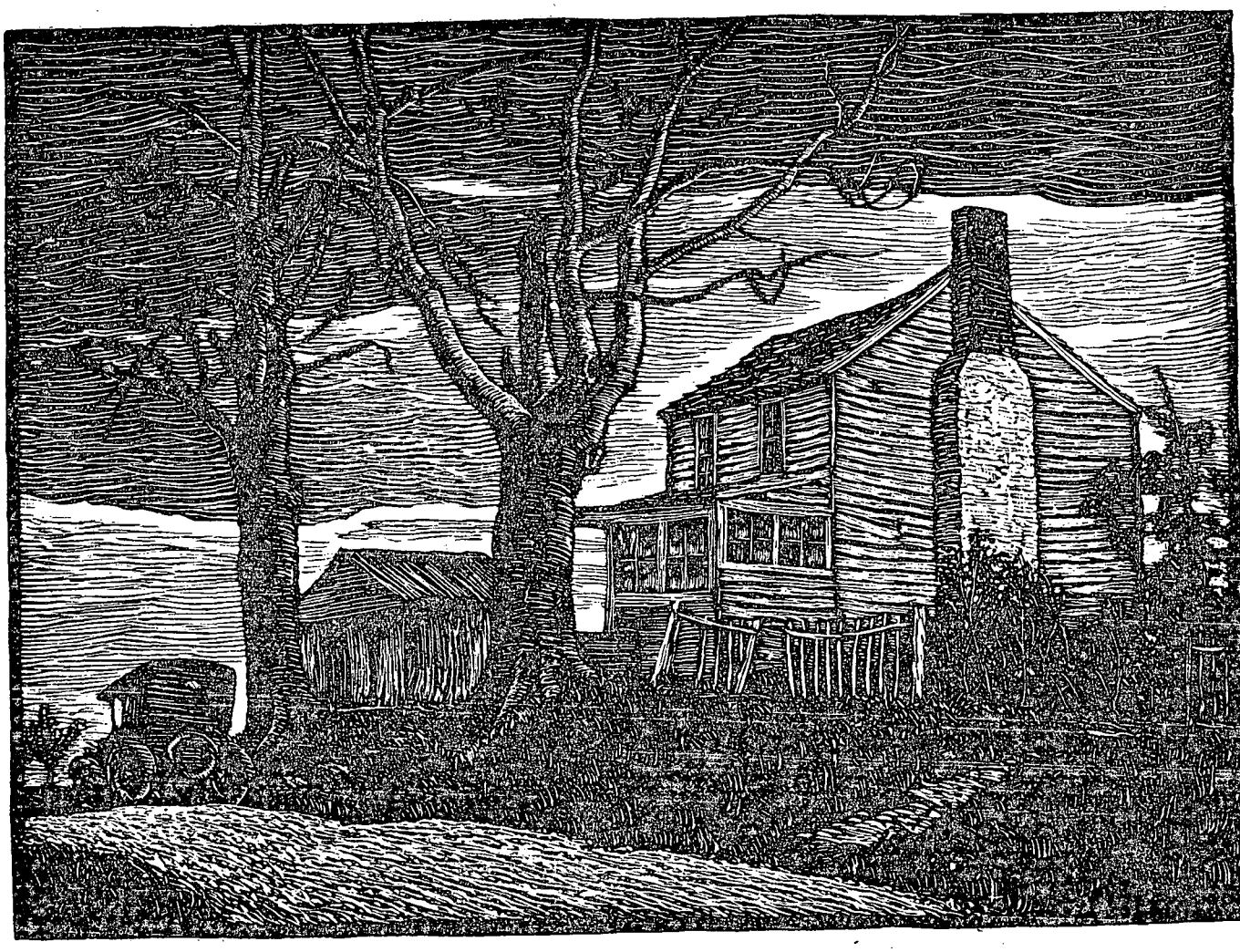

THE DOCTOR CALLS

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

HOW can we replace the cheery family doctor who came to the bedside in farm home or city dwelling? The modern practice of medicine with its specialism and its miraculous—and very expensive tools, is contributing to our health but flattening our pocketbooks. The issues it raises are set forth by Michael M. Davis in the article beginning on the opposite page.

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When Sickness Hits the Pocketbook

By MICHAEL M. DAVIS

"THIRTY years ago," said one of the friends whose history of family sickness has supplied substance and flavoring matter for this article, "I had a pair of tonsils in my throat at which our family physician frowned severely. 'I think they had better come out,' he announced to my parents. The recommendation was more unusual in those days than in these, and although it gave no concern to my ten years, my father and mother wanted to think it over seriously. Two weeks later, when that beloved family doctor was fighting for his life against pneumonia, I came down with another of my numerous sore throats—this time a severe attack, which as soon as the acute stage had passed, brought me to the office of one of the then few, but rising, throat specialists. 'Out they should come by all means,' he pronounced, and ten days later, while our family doctor was convalescing, the protuberant portions of the guilty organs were neatly guillotined, as was the fashion in those days. Since I suffered no pain, because of a local cocaine application, and since unlimited ice cream was available on that and on succeeding days, the experience was not frightening, nor was it in memory an unhappy one. Otherwise was the case with my father, who failed not for years to recall his astonishment and anger at receiving the first of the next month a bill from the specialist for fifty dollars, which, while promptly paid, seemed all the more unreasonable because our good family doctor, returning a little later from his recuperation in the country, said regretfully to my parents, 'Too bad I was sick when that youngster's tonsils had to be cut out. I could have taken them off for ten dollars.'

"At the present time," continued my friend, "that same specialist, a recognized leader in his profession, would consider five hundred dollars a reasonable fee for taking out a pair of tonsils. It is difficult," he continued, "to judge relative values. I know that taking off the tops of those tonsils thirty years ago was not worth fifty dollars because the tonsils grew again, and twenty years later I spent two hundred dollars (not with the same specialist) for taking out the tonsils in the modern, thorough way. That operation did me a lot of good, I know. I have three children, and not one of them has a shred of a tonsil. My wife is the only member of our family who carries these rare curiosities around with her. In surgeons' bills and hospital and nursing fees, our family has invested the better part of one thousand dollars in the tonsil business. I think we have had some dividends in health. I know that I can well believe the saying that, while the House of the Lord is builded upon rock, that of the throat specialist is founded on tonsils."

In the city of New York today, where the scene of this history was laid, a general practitioner of such standing as that fine old doctor of the 'nineties would think it professionally unethical and improper to suggest that he serve as laryngologist, even to a family to which he had been medical mentor for many years. "Mounting fees and mounting specialists" might be the title (or the moral) of that story.

My friend believes that he has had some worth-while service, and being able to meet his tonsillectomy bills without pinching on golf or gasoline, much less food, rent, or clothes, he tells his tale with much good humor, though with an occasional shrug of irritation because he feels the tonsil business to be a little overdone and underorganized. When families are near the line of financial pinch, the problem shifts away from comedy. There was a fine spinster of cultivated stock, almost a Mayflower family, who had a protracted disorder which, after some months of varied medical care, finally brought her to the office of a frequently recommended surgeon. He considered that an operation was important. Neither she nor her family felt that it was sportsmanlike to ask him in advance what his fee would be. The operation was performed, and a growth, probably of cancerous nature, was removed. The patient's life was probably saved.

IN costume and manner, she had every indication of refinement, which the surgeon may have taken for evidence of wealth. She paid two hundred dollars for the hospital care out of the savings of her elder sister and herself, amounting to four hundred dollars, and then faced the surgeon's bill for one thousand dollars. People whose pride is built of spring steel do not ask for quarter. She borrowed eight hundred dollars on the security of some family heirlooms. The surgeon's bill was paid—the last savings gone.

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For nearly five years that woman worked before the debt and interest were cleared away, worked with anxiety knocking daily at her heart at what would happen should serious illness or accident incapacitate either herself or her sister. The relative who told me this said, "That surgeon saved her life, and shortened it by ten years." I knew that surgeon personally. He was a man of public spirit, scientific interest, and a giver to good causes. He would have reduced his bill or cancelled it voluntarily had he dreamed what its payment would mean. He did not dream because he did not know, and in the business dealings between doctor and patient, is it the doctor's responsibility to inquire?

FORTY or fifty years ago there were few specialists, hardly any laboratory work, no x-ray, little surgery, except in emergencies. Most of the doctors in the community, whether large or small, did about the same kind of work; that is, each physician treated whatever disease his patients might present. They were general practitioners. While some charged larger fees than others, the range was within narrow limits. Then medical practice was simple and comparatively uniform; today it is bewildering in its complexity and often alarming because of its financial magnitude or uncertainty.

What happens to a family in poorer circumstances when sickness hits the pocketbook? A family with two children in school and a daughter old enough to work have the ruddy look of health which comports with their English ancestry. They speak of themselves as a healthy family. A history of three years showed the following illness among the five members: severe colds, tonsilitis, chickenpox, scarlet fever, fallen arches, pleurisy, gallstones, eyeglasses for two members of the family, a little dental work for three members. In these three years the total amount of illness which required care in bed, or which kept the sick person from work or school, averaged less than one month for each member, or not over ten days a year.

The annual income of this family was probably slightly more than $3,000 during this period. They are industrious people with good standards of living. In order to emigrate from England they had borrowed $600 from a relative. At the end of three years they owed $300 and $66 to a doctor who attended one child through seven weeks of scarlet fever and chickenpox. Their actual expenses for sickness during the three years averaged $90 a year, and in addition they received, at the lowest estimate, $150 worth of free treatment in hospitals. If they had paid for all the medical service which they received, even at the lowest rate, their annual expenditure for the three years would have been $106, $149, and $156, or an average of $140.

What medical service did they need? What they secured (and paid for so far as they could) represented only their minimum demands, for they sought medical care only in acute conditions, and did not have it for other troubles because they thought they could not pay for it. The mother suffered for a year and a half from "indigestion and nervousness" before she finally felt compelled to go to the hospital for an operation. She postponed it, hoping to get better and to avoid expense, until compelled to go, and then she had to accept free care. She has varicose veins which trouble her, but has not secured treatment for them. For economy's sake, she went to a department store for an eye examination and glasses. Her teeth and those of her husband are in bad condition, as they are well aware. The oldest daughter, who, beginning work, earned but little more than her keep, happened to be working in a hospital when she had fluid on the knee, and she received treatment there without charge. The doctor advised her to have her tonsils out, but she feels that neither she nor her parents can afford to pay for the operation, and she says she will die before she will go to a free hospital.

The present complexity of medical practice faces the family, rich or poor, with difficulties in addition to the bugbear of cost. A middle-aged man in fairly comfortable circumstances had headaches, pain in his feet and legs, considerable indigestion, and to cap it all, became much worried about himself. On the recommendation of a cousin, he went to a stomach specialist, who, after a careful examination, with the use of the fluoroscope and several laboratory tests, gave as his opinion that there was nothing organically wrong, but advised considerable changes in diet and special morning and evening exercises. He also suggested that his patient's eyes, teeth, throat, and feet needed looking after as the possible causes of some of his discomfort. The dentist to whom he went x-rayed all his teeth, found no diseased roots, and after filling a few cavities, urged his patient to spend more time daily with his toothbrush. The oculist who next examined him found a developed case of far-sightedness which he thought would account for the headaches. He changed the eye-glasses and advised as much restraint as possible in the eyes, which, our friend being an accountant, did not add to his peace of mind. His final visit was to an orthopedic surgeon, who diagnosed fallen arches in both feet, thus explaining, he thought, the daily pains in the lower extremities. He prescribed plates and special shoes, and advised exercises of the feet to be performed each morning and evening.

OUR friend found that acquiring this information and advice, together with a pair of eye-glasses, an extra pair of shoes and foot-plates, had cost him $215. Also he soon realized that the foot exercises of the orthopedist and the abdominal exercises of the stomach specialist took twenty to twenty-five minutes morning and night, shortening either his day or his sleep by three-quarters of an hour and cutting off that much time from recreation. Something that the stomach specialist had said about the apparent absence of organic disease stuck in his memory and worried him. What did it imply? When he told me about his experiences three months after the visit to the orthopedist his foot pains were much better but his other symptoms continued. He had just been to the "stomach doctor" again, who had apparently endeavored to reassure him as to the absence of cancer, but had suggested that his indigestion might be neurotic in cause, and that he consult a neurologist. "What shall I do?" he said to me, "I am sick of these specialists."

How many city families are there who call in a children's specialist for the young members, who visit an oculist, a nose and throat specialist, and a dentist when difficulty with the appropriate organ requires, who would summon a stomach specialist or a surgeon in case of supposedly serious symptoms like abdominal pain, and who yet have no family physician, their general medical adviser? According to traditional medical practice, and the principles of medical ethics as officially recognized, each individual or family has a regular physician by whom all specialists or consultants are called in, and to whom all the specialists report, instead of directly to the patient. A college student, after con-

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tinued indigestion culminating in abdominal pain, went to a surgeon who advised taking out the appendix; he went to a gastro-intestinal specialist, who advised an altered, laxative diet with some medication, but considered an operation unnecessary. A puzzled and anxious young man, he returned to his family, who promptly took him to a third specialist, of great authority, being careful not to tell this distinguished physician about the previous examinations and opinions until *after* his diagnosis had been secured! An older man spent two hours consulting with a group of lay friends because he had been told by a nose and throat specialist that he should have an operation on the septum of his nose, by his dentist that he should have two teeth extracted, and by a general physician to take a two months' vacation. Which advice should he take, or—more pertinently—which should he take first? None of these confused seekers after health had the benefit of, or thought of the necessity for, that traditional and invaluable family physician. In fact, in middle-sized, as well as large cities the advice, "go to your family physician," is much like the Hatter's famous invitation to Alice in Wonderland:

"Have some wine," said the Hatter.

"I don't see any wine," said Alice.

"There isn't any," said the Hatter.

A report of the Commission on Medical Education in February, 1927, stated that outside of the small towns and rural areas, between 15 and 20 per cent of physicians practice, or announce themselves as practicing, specialties. In many cities—not necessarily the largest ones—the proportion is much higher. Thus, in Haverhill and Lowell, cities of 75,000 to 100,000 population in Massachusetts, the proportion of specialists, as ascertained from the directory of the American Medical Association, ranges from 25 to 37 per cent, with an additional 10 to 12 per cent of physicians who state that their practice is tending towards a specialty. In Omaha the percentage of specialists and near-specialists is 41 per cent; in Elgin, Illinois, 46 per cent; in Memphis, Tennessee, 36 per cent. Undoubtedly specialization means increased efficiency in particular forms of medical work, but to many lay sufferers it means expense and confusion.

SPECIALIZATION is only one of several important changes which have come about since the surface of traditional family practice was broken up towards the close of the nineteenth century as a result of the rapid advance of the medical sciences. Whereas formerly the doctor could carry all his equipment under his hat and in his handbag, today a mass of mechanical aids to diagnosis and treatment are at hand and force themselves upon him. The outstanding example is what the patient sees when he goes into the hospital operating room. The equipment which makes possible the major surgery of the present time—the carefully designed tables, special lighting, sterilizers, and the machines that help to put the patient safely into anesthetic sleep. The instruments and appliances are legion, from the little hypodermic needle to expensive apparatus that enables the physician to see into the interior of the body to detect and treat disease if it is there. Another new resource is the laboratory, where disease can be detected through its hidden reactions upon body fluids; where growths taken from the body can be examined under the microscope to determine whether they are malignant or harmless; where the germs that cause disease can be found and named, and the possibilities of combating them revealed; where the secret chemistry of the glands can be studied for the benefit of the sufferer; where elaborate x-ray apparatus enables the physician to see the structure of the bones in the body, the processes of digestion, and the living heart beating.

During the last half-century, medical practice has partly shifted its place from the patient's home or the doctor's office to the institution. During the last fifty years, when the population of the United States has somewhat more than doubled, the number of hospital beds has increased over twenty times, the number of persons treated in out-patient clinics has grown from 100,000 to nine or ten million. The large industries of the country have quite generally come to have organized medical services for their employes, as have many schools and colleges. In the larger cities from 15 to 20 per cent of all the cases of sickness requiring care in bed receive this care in hospitals, which in former times were sought only by the destitute. The private practice of many city doctors, particularly of the surgeons, is to a considerable degree, and to a degree unknown a few years ago, conducted in medical institutions.

DURING the same half-century, the practice of preventive medicine has grown from a name into one of the astounding realities of our time. Yellow fever has been eradicated, tuberculosis reduced, malaria and hookworm—the scourges of warm climates—brought under control in increasing areas. The prevention and cure of diphtheria has been successfully demonstrated. The death-rate of little babies has been cut in half. These and other achievements are everyday knowledge. They are the work of devoted men of science, applied through organized health services of cities, countries, states, and nation, with the aid and stimulus of voluntary organizations.

Life has been prolonged. A nation in which 43 years was the average duration of existence (as in Massachusetts in 1890) has become a country in which the average length of life is 58 years and rising. And, finally, during the same fifty years, the lead set by Florence Nightingale in England has been made a widespread reality in the United States. Nursing has been transformed from an avocation of some religious orders or a lay vocation which only women of very indifferent sort would enter, into a skilled service with highly organized standards, everywhere respected and attracting women of character and ability. The modern hospital with all its benefits, and with its vogue among all classes in society, would have been impossible without the service and the standards of the nurse. The most distinctive modern achievements in public health have depended upon the nurse as an army does upon its infantry, sending them into the clinic and the home where the nurse's skill in dealing with disease and her knowledge of its prevention, could be applied in that most effective of all methods of instruction, face-to-face individual contact. The nurse in the hospital or the private nurse in the home who "eases the bed of pain," the visiting or public health nurse who combines similarly appreciated practical service with the advice and help which forestall pain and keep people out of bed—certainly they rank among the fine and significant creations of a period rich with remarkable advances.

All the developments in the art of healing, the new knowledge of the causes of disease, specialization, the clever

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contrivance of instruments and mechanical aids for the physician's eye and hand, the laboratory and its trained personnel, the hospital, the clinic and the advance of nursing have brought increased efficiency to medical service, a vastly greater power to detect, relieve, or cure disease. But how far are these benefits available to the whole public?—and particularly to those, such as you and I, who are not rich enough to pay all bills with a smile nor poor enough to receive service from the goodwill of others without any bill to pay. To what proportion of the people are the known resources of science for the cure and prevention of disease, the prolongation and enrichment of life, really available? Is it good public policy that the choice before many prospective parents must lie between a $500 baby, or a baby in a free ward of a hospital, or no baby at all? Is it well that a self-supporting family with $2,500 to $3,000 a year income (which is higher than the average in America) shall, because of a single serious illness, be driven into prolonged indebtedness or into the habit of accepting charity?

The very prolongation of life during the last half-century has added to the burden of sickness. The lives which formerly were cut off in infancy or which were terminated in their early prime by tuberculosis, now pass over, so to speak, into the period when the chronic illnesses of middle age set upon them, when men and women must live with disease instead of dying from it. Postponing the undertaker means more use of the doctor, no longer as a death-bed resource but as a means to more effective living. Longer lives are better than early deaths, but they cost more in terms of sickness bills.

Disease, or a threat of disease, brings to all human beings pain and anxiety and the shadows of disability or death. Need it also bring, as too often it does today, the terror of a shattering expense, the anxious uncertainty as to what the expense will be, the confusion of specialism, the affront of charity?

Should not the advances in the science and art of medicine, which have rightly reflected such glory upon the medical profession and borne such potential benefits to humanity, be ours without this price, when serious or prolonged disease threatens? Is there then no alternative for many of our population between medical charity or financial tragedy? The question is yours and mine. Is there an answer?

The question is not only yours and mine. Doctors and nurses and hospitals see it also, but from the inside looking out. A glimpse of what is in their line of vision is also needed to help us to see more clearly as well as more broadly, for no such question can be answered by looking at one side only, nor without assembling facts and weighing evidence in the cool balance of impartially determined minds.

Sickness shoots like a blunderbuss—a big, scattering charge from which few of us escape at one time or another. What kind of armor can we wear, how pool our resources to pay the bills—if we are well-to-do?—if we have average middle-of-the-road pocketbooks?—if we are poor? In a later issue Mr. Davis will carry further his discussion.

Blind

By JUNE LUCAS

He saw the noonday sun,
The shadow cast by trees,
The distant hills in blue veils run,
The women weeding on their knees,
The sweaty ploughman close behind,
And yet the man who saw was blind.

He saw the twilight come,
The lights flash in the streets,
Thousands hurrying from the hum
Of great machines, the roar that beats
Into the heart and brain of humankind,
And yet the man who saw was blind.

He saw the banners fly,
The stalwart line of boys,
The cold and rotting dead piled high,
Children robbed of all their joys,
More scraps of paper sealed and signed
And yet the man who saw was blind.

He saw the starving world,
He never met the need,
The great god greed had always whirled
The dust and blotted out the seed
That might have blossomed in his mind,
He did not know that he was blind!

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Play, the Architect of Man

By JOSEPH LEE

TWENTY-FIVE years ago play was regarded largely as a medicine. It was a good thing because it kept you fit for work. It was also a policeman and kept the boys out of mischief. There are people still coming to the Playground Association and asking it to participate in a health campaign or in an anti-vice crusade. Then again, play built up the muscles—the development of the larger muscle masses was almost a religion—and exercised the heart and lungs. What you did with the muscles and the circulation system when you had them was not in the early days so much considered.

There was truth in all these points of view. Play truly is good medicine—the best of all. It is a good policeman. It does produce large muscles very fast. But these are not the true ends of play. We believe in health campaigns and anti-vice crusades, but they are not ours. We cannot say or seem to say that play owes its importance to these objects. Nor could play exist to perform such useful services if that were all. When the boy builds his house of blocks the important thing is not the resulting appetite for dinner. The creative spirit was not vouchsafed us for our health. Our health derives its importance, when it has any, from making us fit vehicles of the creative spirit—of that and of its sister goddesses: as artists, discoverers, lovers, soldiers, loyal members who will play the game. When the great spirit whispers to the child it comes not as a policeman or a dose of medicine. It is not talking of the larger muscles. Its word is: I have work for you. It is his life that is knocking at the door and only as he opens to it will he become himself.

It is in order that he may do this that he is born a child. His body and soul are made thus soft and plastic that they may be shaped in answer to this voice, that the great soul of humanity may take possession of him in that particular accent and incarnation of it which he shall represent. Large muscles may be an aid or an incumbrance; a wonderfully developed mind a vain and useless instrument, or far worse than useless, if uninformed by the constituting purposes of man.

In obedience to these great voices—of courage, pursuit, the thirst for knowledge and the love of beauty; of love, of loyalty, the mother instinct—men rightly sacrifice their health, even their lives, and are wise in doing so. These are the gods, divine awakeners of human genius, and have been recognized as such; as Mars, Diana, Dionysus; as Phoebus Apollo and his attendant Muses; as the Koré, the Madonna; as Pallas Athene and Great Zeus himself. These are the incarnations in the human soul. Our deafness to them is recreancy to our own divinity. It is true the god may serve our health, as life is the conqueror of disease and weakness, as Apollo served in the household of Admetus. Such service is admissible upon condition that the house itself shall be a service to the god.

The modern theory that education lies in contact with reality—in living now, not in preparation for life at some later period—is wholly sound. It is true that some things must be taught, in the way of skill and information, simply because they will come in handy later on; but such teaching is parenthetical so far as education is concerned. Reality, for every creature, lies in his encounter with those materials, tools, antagonists, of which his nature whispers to him during childhood and to which it is attuned—the other half of him.

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GREEK GAMES

From the statue by Chester Beach for the gymnasium of Barnard College

The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old.

There is no use in discoursing of green fodder to the kitten nor of green grasshoppers to the calf. Reality for human beings is still in battle and pursuit, in poetry and song, in love and loyalty and in the search for truth—in the permanent, as decreed by his inherited nature, not the accidental. It is not committed to the electric current or the explosion engine, nor yet to an industrial system dictated by the invention of the passing hour. Captains of industry have in several

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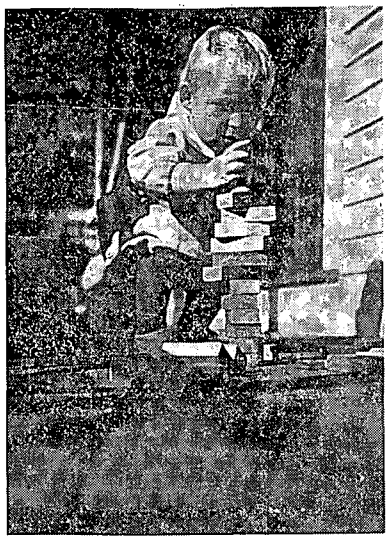
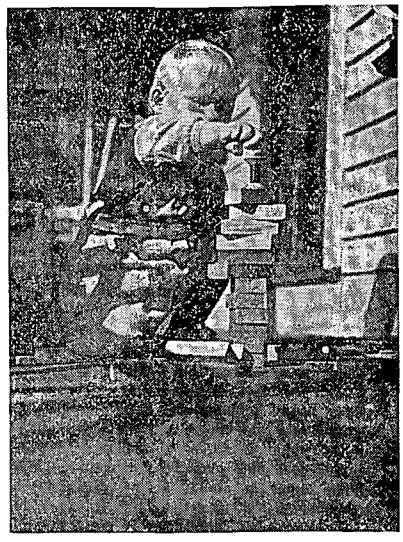
of their late conventions pointed out that our supply of morons should not be depleted by any mistaken application of eugenics. Morons, they say, are better instruments than





The Builder Built

Illustrations on this and the facing page are from the author's family album

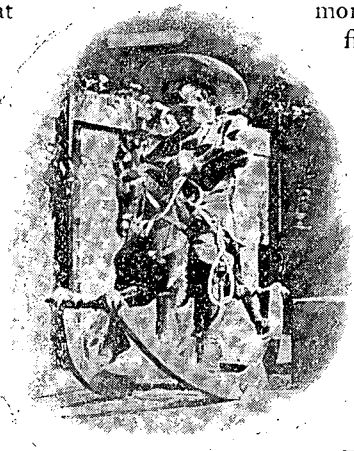
normal men and women for operating our present-day machines. Such is the reality of the accidental. And it is to producing morons, or as close an approximation as the curriculum can achieve, that a school of education based on realism in the accidental sense might logically address itself. The play theory, on the contrary, counsels us to fit the world so far as possible to man, not man to the passing fashion of the world.

The great American fallacy is belief in the machine, belief in means, in all the secondary things. Speed is our prevailing vice and efficiency comes very close to it. Whither? To what end? As a friend whom I must often quote has said of those who are always keeping themselves fit: "Fit for what?"

Every artist knows that there is no such thing as knowing how to paint. It is the spirit, that part of you that you do not possess but that possesses you, which, if you are happy, dictates the style as it forms the body and the mind. It is this purpose in you, if anything, that you express —not a mythical, undifferentiated power that somehow slops over into great achievement.

THERE are less strenuous moods of play than in that primary full obedience to the great constituting human purposes of which I have thus far spoken.

There is contemplation, the appreciation of poetry and music, of beauty in nature and in art, of the teachings of philosophy, of the wonders of the universe as revealed in science—a milder but in some ways more wide and accurate participation in these great purposes than is possible by the more strenuous methods—which dignifies and ennobles life.



Cowpuncher

There is a lighter form of play to which Dr. Gulick assigned recreation as a distinctive name—relaxation, diversion, a parenthesis or vacation in our lives rather than an intensification of them; play which like sleep is a restorer of our tired nature, its virtue lying in that service to our health and strength that I have repudiated as the end of play. But though this be its function, there is even in recreation in this sense the leadership of the divine. There is a comedy in art and life, a divine laughter in the universe, to which these idle moments are attuned. There is even sheer relaxation as a form of play. Man must sometimes lean and loafe and leisurely entreat his soul in idleness.

But the high gods cannot be known purely from contemplation of their lighter moods. The need of play for children is that their minds and bodies may be shaped and their emotions aimed under the divine direction. The need of play for grown people is in order that they may be reconnected with these sources of their life—re-created as we so literally say—which in the great majority of instances are so slightly drawn on in their work.

Play under proper leadership and governed by the right tradition is the great teacher of moral conduct. Football is a more intense experience than doing sums, and its discipline—in the inculcation of courage, subordination to the team and persistence under pain and opposition—is more severe, with more exacting standards, more fiercely enforced, than can easily be found elsewhere. Also it is a more complete experience. There is more of the boy in a football game than can be squeezed into twice two is four, and it comes from deeper down. Action here is from the center out. Whatever there is of power in him is discharged, or rather (and here is the essence of the play philosophy) the game calls out more power than was there. It is the very voice of his dawning self. The boy is not playing the game, the game is playing him. Play is the very act and throe of growth.

The same is true of the other great play purposes as moral teachers, of mother love and art and rhythm and discovery, though the instruction has in each a different color and a different form. The notion that play is easy is in exact contradiction of the truth. The

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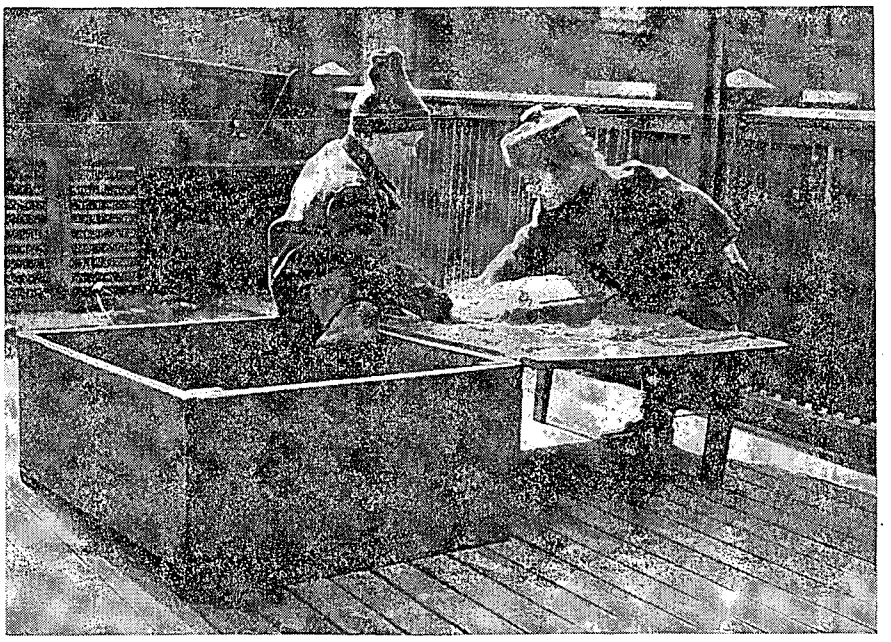
gods are not easy masters. The way of art or science is austere. It is obedience to these play voices that constitutes the serious element in work—distinguishes the profession from the chore.

Science

THE doctrine of play as the architect of man and the sustaining current in his life is not in conflict with morality but a necessary condition of its existence. It is an answer to the question where our duty lies, what is the positive goal for himself and others that it is man's business to seek, the good to that gives the law to being good—or, as Nietsche quaintly puts it, the thing beyond both good and evil which we all must serve. Morality that is only morality does not exist. You cannot be good by simply being good. Herein lie both the Puritan and the Stoic fallacy. Virtue we will say is steering north. But what if north has been abolished? The American business man has made his pile. He looks around him for new worlds to conquer and encounters the old ironic jingle: "To grow more corn to feed more hogs to buy more land to grow more corn" and so *ad infinitum*. Such is his waking vision of the rainbow he has so breathlessly pursued—a squirrel cage. And what is left for him? "Be good," but good in what? "Support his family?" His daughters have each their automobile—Buy another? The support he furnishes is already a disease. "Help others"? Along the same road that he has travelled to this tragic end? "Practice religion"? But for what service does his religion call on him? The duties he has known are all fulfilled. He has fought his fight, made his own living, raised a family. He is a good church member and a good Republican, and is thus far faithful to his wife. What is there of beautiful, dangerous, or devoted service that calls to him? There remains the narrower sort of church observance, the cultivation of political and religious prejudice, relieved by self-indulgence and furthering the social ambitions of his wife. Such in a thousand instances is the tragic end of that sincere idealism of which like every American our bewildered business magnate is possessed. The trouble is that his ideal has become abstract. It is Puritanism gone to seed. Great and noble while it had a mission, claiming the earth for the Lord against those whom it believed to be his foes, mighty in battle, this formidable spirit faded when the battle had been won. It stands as a soldier of the Lord in time of peace.



The Finishing Touch

What is needed is a newer Puritanism, or rather its reconciliation with an older faith, faith in the pursuit of truth and beauty, in the ultimate and satisfying ends of life. To the Puritans' belief that the earth is the Lord's and the admissible end of all endeavor lies in his service, to their resolve to build a commonwealth dedicated to the spirit in the souls of men, we must add faith in the voices in which the spirit speaks to us, the intimations of those ends toward which it claims us as its instruments. We must restore the north toward which our soul would steer, the shining vision we shall never reach, but in the pursuit of which our life consists.

THE playground movement was born of a situation and a philosophy of the growth of modern forms of industry and the belief that man is not primarily an economic unit but the instrument of certain purposes which under normal conditions shape him to their use in childhood and inform and inspire him during the remainder of his life. It is to establish such conditions that the playground movement has grown up.

Among the forerunners of the movement were the commons and trotting courses of Puritan New England, on many of which horse races, ball games or the historic band stand still survive. Then there was the gymnastic enthusiasm brought over by Charles Follen in the 50's from the Germany of Father Jahn—a contribution, like that of the kindergarten, from the post-Napoleon era. There was the park movement of the 70's, starting in Baltimore and Philadelphia and carried forward by the genius of Olmstead and of the younger Charles Eliot. In 1885 there came Miss Ellen M. Tower and the sand garden, following a suggestion received from Germany; in the 90's Jacob Riis's voice crying in the New York wilderness; and in 1906 the foundation by Luther Gulick and Henry S. Curtis of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. Since then the public and private provision for play and recreation has increased in greatly accelerated ratio. The average number of cities starting playgrounds in each two-year period has recently been greater than in the twenty years preceding the founding of the association. The total number of cities having play-

The Architect

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grounds in 1925-26 was 790 as against the 46 so reporting at the start.

These figures sound impressive, but it would be a mistake to suppose that they represent a near approach to an adequate dealing with the need. No city has yet provided fair opportunity for play for all its children. Few, if any, have made such provision for one-half of them. I doubt if many have done so for one-tenth. There are still 320 cities of over 8,000 people not reporting a single playground. The problem of successfully utilizing the same street as railroad track and playground, as in the case of all our resident streets at present, is still unsolved and will remain so until the inside playground in each inhabited block—perhaps the inside primary school also—has been established. Even then there will be need of a general recognition on the part of drivers of automobiles that in the observance of traffic regulations and the rights of citizens it is they, not children under six, who need education.

THE most important lack of all is not in cities but in the country districts, in which more than half of the American people live. These constitute a tantalizing field in which the harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers pitifully few. Something indeed has been accomplished. There are summer camps in which the natural leaders from surrounding towns are brought together and taught the art of leadership in play and games and social recreation, with something of music and dramatics and the putting on of a general recreation program. Similar courses are provided by the Playground and Recreation Association for the field workers in the agricultural departments of several states. Also there are now laws in thirty-five states providing for physical education (largely through play and games) and these laws are followed up with information and suggestion from the association as to activities and methods that have been found successful. University extension work also—for instance the teaching in dramatics by the Universities of North Dakota and North Carolina—has brought beautiful and encouraging results. Yet in spite of all these good beginnings the great bulk of the rural play and recreation problem remains practically untouched. The country boy still awaits the awakening to his need of that other country boy who is now a millionaire.

AS to the future I think the signs, especially the spirit of the movement and of those enlisted in it, are encouraging.

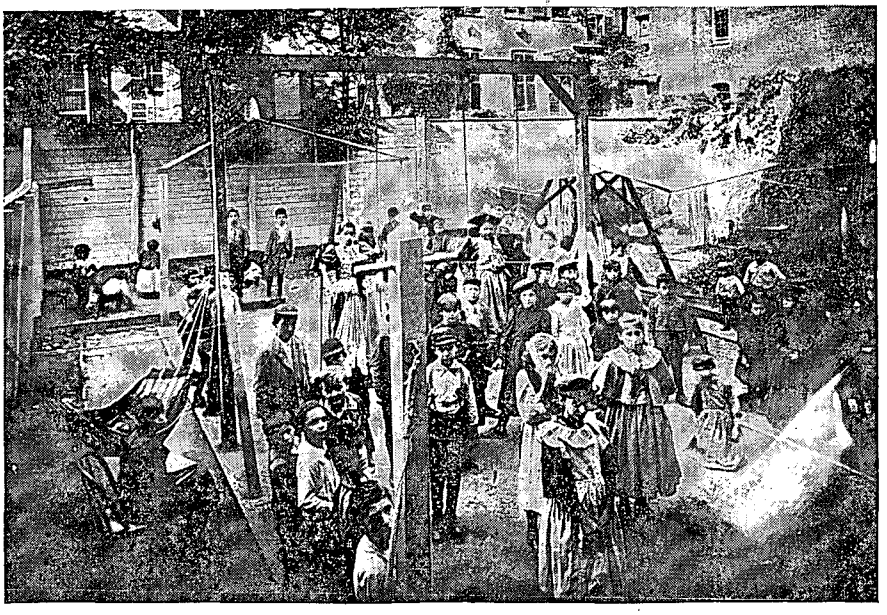
First: the immediately crucial points lie in capturing the country districts and in city planning; and public interest, at least in the latter, is great and rapidly increasing.

Second: there is an increasing accent upon quality. In games, in music and in selections for dramatic work, belief is more and more in the carrying power of the best.

Third: there is the belief that play and recreation, including art, are a public function, an essential part of public education and of government provision for the public welfare. Education especially should more fully free itself of its obsession with miscellaneous and unimportant facts, making of the child's mind a ragbag of irrelevant trifles, and turn more to the humanities, the abiding interests of man. It is a pathetic commentary upon the helpless condition of the graduates of our public schools that our glorious increase of leisure is regarded by many people, not wholly without justification, as a menace. We come into our birthright as a man released from long imprisonment, blinded by the daylight and helpless in the presence of the living world.

Most important of all is the fact that Howard S. Braucher, the General Secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America for the last eighteen years, is in excellent health and only forty-six years old.

Finally—an item not entirely unconnected with the preceding one—the playground movement has a soul. Many attendants at the play congresses have felt in them a joyful and a religious spirit. If I were to propose for the play movement a patron saint I would choose St. Francis, who not only embodied the Christian spirit as hardly any other man has done, but who felt the beauty of the world and all its creatures—almost (I speak it not profanely) the glad presence of the pagan gods, who must I think have been converted by his charm.



A photograph taken in 1894 of the playground in the backyard of the Henry Street Settlement, New York. Joseph Lee called this "The Bunker Hill of Playgrounds"

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Wealth from Mississippi Mud

A Plan of Flood Control to Make the Delta as Rich as the Valley of the Nile

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

MUDDY water flowing across the fields, into the yard, across the porch, through the door, up the stairs. Ever rising, the water follows the family to the second story, to the roof, finally forces them into a rescue boat to escape across miles of muddy water to the camp of refugees. There, fed by charity, they loaf upon the levee—six hundred thousand homeless humans. Around them are thousands of square miles of muddy water. It has taken life and hundreds of millions of dollars.

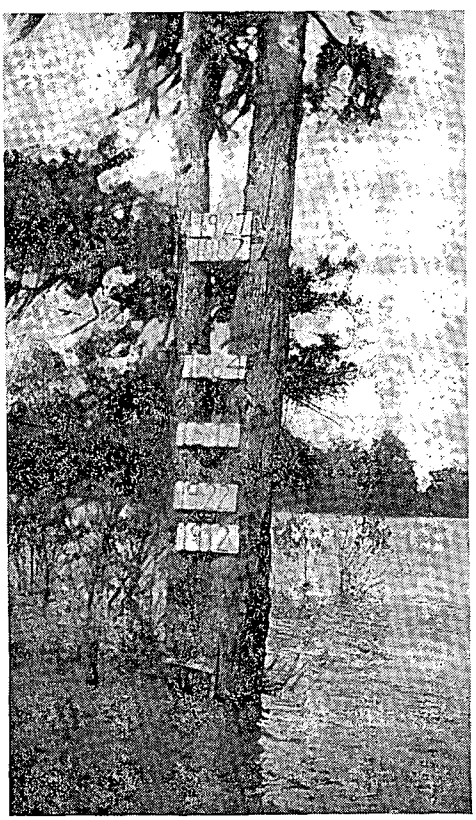
What a contrast to the Mississippi are the floods of River Nile! In Egypt, for thousands of years millions of men have been fed by the floods. Mississippi floods can also be made to feed us instead of destroying us. It is merely a problem in applied science; we have but to use some of our new knowledge.

The waters of the Mississippi are always muddy. This mud is rich in plant food, the cream soil of a continent carried by the river back to Mother Ocean. This mud could be worth a quarter of a billion dollars a year to us, perhaps more, if it were spread over the lower valley and used as the Nile mud for ages has been used by the men of Egypt in producing their fat harvests which have supported so many dynasties of brilliant monarchs. To get a quarter of a billion a year out of river mud should interest a practical people like the Americans. The agricultural use of river-born mud may be made an important part of the urgent problem of flood control.

Let us examine some of the precedents. The Nile, most orderly and beneficent of rivers, in its annual overflow kindly drops all of its sand and coarse material in the vast swamps that make of its upper course a series of temporary lakes. Then it gently overflows the lower valley and deposits over the land one-thirtieth of an inch of the fine rich silt of Abyssinia. This sufficed to fertilize the land for at least one crop of millet or sorghum (dhurra). Thus the annual cycle became one of great simplicity. Providence fertilized. Men harvested. And Providence never failed. Compared to this the Israelite's manna in the wilderness was the chance pittance of a beggar. No wonder the Israelites wanted Moses to lead them back to the fleshpots of Egypt! No wonder the Egyptians affectionately called the river "Father Nile!" It was this automatic fertilization by Nile mud that fed the crops that fed the armies of toilers who built the pyramids and sphinxes, Karnak and Thebes, who dug the secret royal tombs and stuffed them with works of art and gold.

Four or five millenniums have passed since this Nile fertilization began to support its millions, their monarchs and their cities. Empires have risen and fallen, conquerors come and gone, but fertilization by precious mud kept on and the fellaheen continued to harvest and eat, almost oblivious of changes in the imperial name—Rameses, Tut-An-Khamen, Alexander, Caesar, Ptolemy, Mohammed, Crusader, Turk, High Commissioner from the Court of St. James. All these are among the ephemera. Flood mud, dhurra, and the fellah—these have endured the millenniums with a continuity that is startling.

The last ruler, the Briton, has overreached himself. The British wanted more cotton out of Egypt. To irrigate more land by saving the flood waters that ran away they built a great dam at Assuan. The dam holds the flood waters—there the mud settles. Months later, when the clear water is taken to the fields, the crops may drink but no longer can they eat, for that which fed them was left behind the dam. The harvest has fallen away and a cry goes up in Egypt: "Give us back our flood and our mud that we may again have the good harvests that were ours before you English came."



A homemade flood gage on the Mississippi River. From a photograph by Margaret C. Kennedy of the Red Cross Nursing Service

Deprived of his flood, the Egyptian is strangely like the inhabitants of Eden who were cast out of the garden to eat bread in the sweat of their faces. Eden, it is generally agreed, was a date garden in lower Mesopotamia. Agriculturally it is still there, a marvel of automatic fertilization. For miles along both banks of the Shatt-el-Arab, the great river formed by the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates, one sees nothing but date palms. At every high tide the river rises even with the surface of the flat flood-built plain. The muddy water is then carried off through lateral ditches which the date gardeners laboriously keep open to receive this daily dole. They carefully lead the water, which is both food and drink, to the root of every tree in a fruitful forest miles long. These millions of river-fed date palms produce most of the commercial dates ("Persian dates") of the western world.

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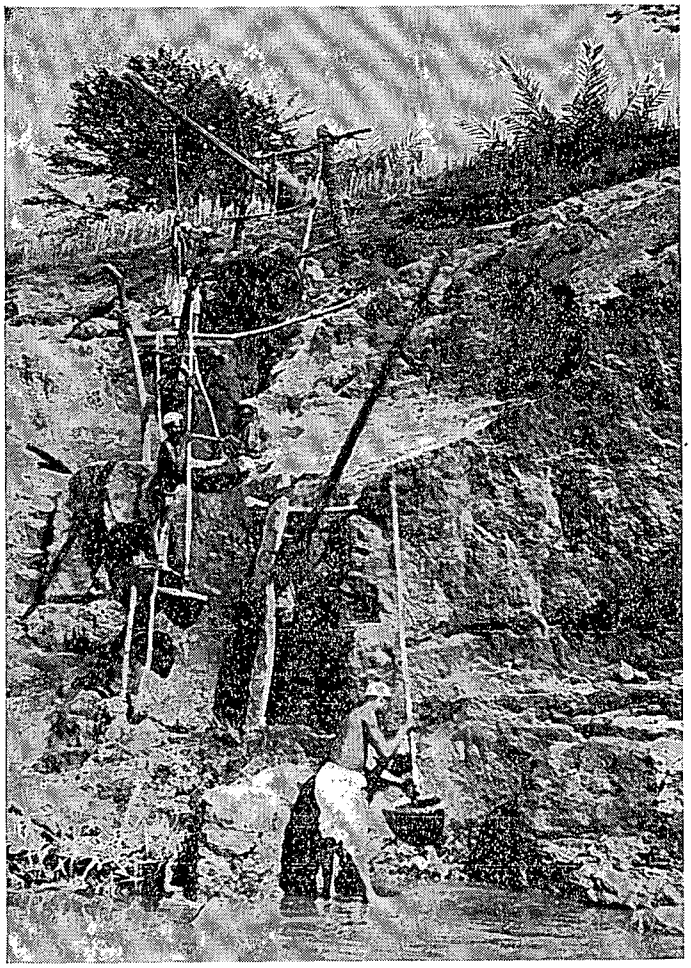

Shaduf—instrument of the ages and still working. The water, lifted on the balanced pole, is poured into a pool to be lifted by the next man until at last it runs away to the crop. It is the task of the irrigation engineer to replace this by gravitation and machinery

Farther up, in Mesopotamia, the water from the annual fall and spring freshets coming down from the Tigris and the Euphrates, is diligently led out to the wheat fields that line the banks of both streams. Because this muddy water is both food and drink to the river-bank wheat fields, they yield, as do the Nile basin and the date gardens near the Persian Gulf, decade after decade, generation after generation.

In China, millions of rice fields, and hence tens of millions of men, are fed by the mud of the rivers. There is not space here to relate its technique. But as we think of the tragedy of the Mississippi, it is interesting to keep in mind these achievements of a permanent agriculture by continuous fertilization through river mud on Yangtse, Euphrates and Nile. They are a kind of agricultural mine. The easiest agriculture is agricultural mining. That is, the agriculture which cultivates and harvests, but returns nothing to the soil. The trouble with agricultural mining is its short life. It is usually a fleeting joy of the frontier. An agricultural mine that keeps on working, like those of Nile and Euphrates, should be the frontiersman's idea of economic heaven. We have not found it in all America and we have searched the continent far more thoroughly than did poor old Ponce de Leon in his fruitless quest for the fountain of youth. Generation after generation we have skinned the frontiers, and leaving them we have gone on to yet newer frontiers. Now there are no more to which we can move, and we have begun to spend our scores of millions for expensively manufactured chemical fertilizers. But here the Mississippi, now devastating our country, invites us to establish a permanent land mine, a permanent agriculture in her flood plain. She stands ready to make up the annual deficit—to maintain another agricultural fountain of youth like that of the Nile, but much larger.

Why did the ancient Egyptians make this great discovery while the modern American remains blind to it? By sheer accident, the need of irrigation drove the men of Egypt and Mesopotamia into their perpetual agriculture.

Conditions were different with us in the beginning. Along the Mississippi the first settler found plenty of rain, therefore no need to irrigate. At first he found the land rich, therefore he had no sense of the need of fertilization. There the one great problem of man has been the flood. It is not a regular, orderly, scheduled flood like that of the Nile, but a vast unpredictable drowning. In fighting off the flood waters with levees, or dikes, we have also inevitably fenced off the fertilizing mud. Our repeated failures at flood control are one very cogent reason why we have not realized our folly in the matter of fertility. We have tried to confine the river by levees and to make it carry both water and mud to the sea. Every few years it has broken out and flooded, and fertilized, a few thousand square miles. However, there are old-timers who complain that crops are not as they used to be before the levee system was extended. Times are bad since they have no freshet flowing across their land almost every year. Outside the levees the land is mudded with every flood. This is usually corn land—corn, corn, corn, corn without ceasing, and good crops too, a granary, a little Egypt. If ever we should succeed with the present system of flood control, we will find ourselves in the plight of the Egyptians after the Assuan dam was erected. Even on the lush plains of the Mississippi the yield declines after a few crops have been raised without a fresh application of mud.

The flood has triumphantly brushed aside most of our efforts. In the presence of the greatest catastrophe in the history of the continent we have occasion to take a broad survey before we begin again, as begin we must. Here are 29,000 square miles of mud land built up below the mouth of the Ohio by the Mississippi and its branches. Let us for a moment call it 20,000 square miles and disregard the last 9,000 square miles as being too hard to handle at present, or needed for roads, rivers, flood channels or flood reservoirs. Twenty thousand square miles have 12,800,000 acres. This is the prime cotton land of the world. Experts in agriculture say that it can be depended upon to yield a five-hundred-pound bale of cotton to the acre if properly fertilized with mud. It will yield that amount year after year.

OUR average yield of cotton in Mississippi, a state immediately beside and partly included in the flood plain, is 167 pounds. This leaves 333 pounds of cotton (the remainder of a bale) to the credit of the river mud. For every pound of cotton there are nearly two pounds of seed. Cotton seed is one of the richest food materials in the world with its oil for cooking and its meal as bread for man (if we choose to eat it), or milk and tissue builder in the dairy barn, where we are now using it. For conservatism, let us disregard the cotton seed and the fertilizer used on uplands, but keep the cotton, 333 pounds per year at 22 cents a pound,

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the average farm price for the five-year period 1921-25. This amounts to $73.26 per acre as the present annual cash value of the mud fertility. To be conservative, disregard the half of it, and, for a round figure, call it $35. Multiplying this by the 12,800,000 acres we have promise of the tidy sum of four hundred and forty-eight million dollars a year when we put one staple crop on it and have it fertilized with Mississippi mud.

This land is not limited to cotton. It can be made to produce a great variety of crops. It has a long growing season and can produce a winter crop of oats and a summer crop of corn. This is the place that can permanently ship hay and grain to distant dairy farms, poultry farms or lands across the sea.

The American farmer has been trained by the exhortations of agricultural experts to believe, and with reason, that he who sells a load of grain or hay is selling his farm by the wagon-load; that the only way to maintain the fertility of the farm is to keep cattle to eat the grain so that fertility may be maintained by the manure of the beasts. Already, for decades, the state university in rich Illinois has been preaching a commercial fertilizer campaign for that state—a state still young and known as the symbol of fertility. This plight of young Illinois should make the Mississippi flood plain people appreciate their great opportunity. This flood plain is the place of places to grow crops of grain for export.

As the fields of Nile sent grain for generations to Rome without impoverishment, so the fields of Mississippi flood plain may send grain for centuries to distant markets. Five million acres of corn per year at eighty bushels per acre produce more corn than now enters into international trade.

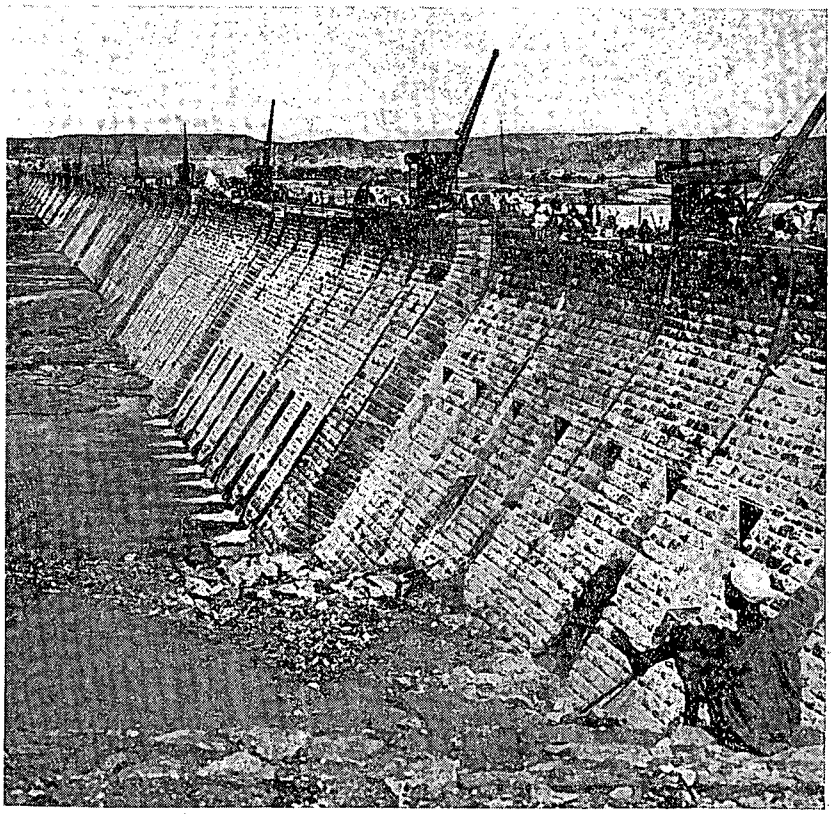
The corn acres might also produce a crop of hay the same year and made by cutting oats or rye before it was ripe, after the fashion of California. The experiments at kiln-drying of hay may lead to great hay factories on the levees of Louisiana. Selling hay from the upland farm is also known as land robbing of the worst sort. But hay as well as corn could be exported year after year, from the permanently fertilized flood plain of the Mississippi. Thus the Mississippi plain may feed the cows and pigs of upland farms and through them fertilize the upland.

This discussion is based on the extensive agriculture of present-day America, but some Old World facts throw interesting light on this problem. In the Yangtse Flood Plain near Shanghai, F. H. King found 1,800 people per square mile supporting themselves by the extensive garden agriculture of the Orient. In Holland, the Dutch have been reclaiming Rhine mudlands for several centuries. This land is no better than the Mississippi flood plain and besides it is below sea level and cannot be fertilized by the river. The cool, short summer of Holland permits far less production than does the climate of our South. Nevertheless, new units of those Dutch lands were selling at nearly a thousand dollars an acre before the World War.

Can we make the Mississippi fertilize its plain? Can we realize wealth from its mud? Yes, we can do it, and what is of even greater significance, it can become an actual aid in the great task of flood control. It chiefly requires the utilization of things that have already been done and these known factors must be incorporated into a plan as thorough and far-reaching as that by which the Allies in the World War after three years of independent armies and independent futility, made one army and one military plan and won. It is interesting to note that the unified command of the Allies was achieved only after they had been brought to the verge of final defeat.

General Waters of the Mississippi Army has the scattered humans of fifty flood plain cities and of fifty flood plain counties in full retreat. Their lines are broken, their base is submerged, they have fled for their lives. They have become objects of charity. These scattered humans cannot keep General Waters outside their walls until they get a unified command and a unified plan. Then they can win.

ONE part of any successful plan will have to be a set of emergency channels or floodways nearly all the way from Cairo to the Gulf. Through these channels the river will send its surplus waters down to the Gulf without sending it through the homes of men. Maintaining these artificial channels is merely cooperating with nature. It is the nature of rivers in flood plains to have several mouths. The Mississippi always has had them and if we overreach ourselves and close the mouths, as we have done, the river opens them again, as it has done. That is what the Mississippi did this time. The next time, when a flood comes high enough to break the levees and make crevasses, let us hope that we will have had foresight enough to be ready for it with spillways and floodways forming emergency channels prepared to lead



The Assuan Dam on the Nile stores vast waters, waters vast fields—and starves them by robbing the water of its mud. Until the English built the dam, no fertilizer other than mud from the overflow had been used since the time of King Tut. The Mississippi can be made to put its mud on the bottom lands of the Delta where it will work

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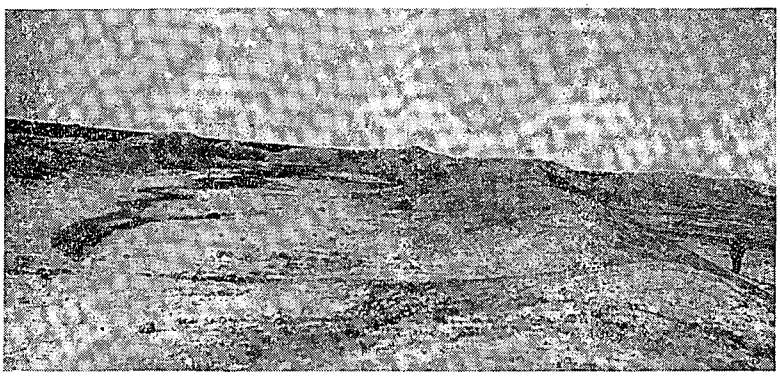
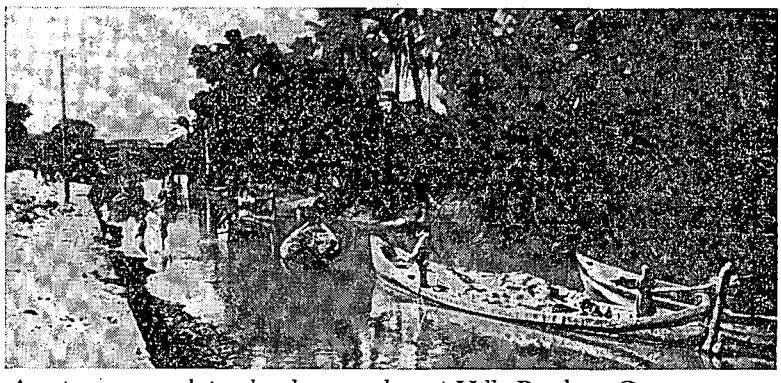
the waters harmlessly away to the Gulf. But first let us insist that the muddy waters be made to fertilize our land as much as we desire. Let us take a lesson from the Nile.

How can this be done? The swamp reclamation units that were established near New Orleans by private enterprise some years ago show the way. Some of these enterprises started with ten or fifteen thousand acres of swamps. Not a single acre was three feet above any other acre. No spot was five feet above the Gulf. In dry times it was a morass. When the Father of Waters poured a flood across the Delta, this land became a lake—one foot deep, two feet deep, three feet deep or more, depending on the size of the flood.

The reclaimers enter this land of Noah upon a large floating dredge. The dredge bears a huge steam-shovel on its forward end. The steam-shovel lifts a cubic yard or more of mud from this swamp. The long arm swings around and deposits the mud alongside the barge. Thus the dredge digs a channel or canal. The barge floats along in the canal that it makes through the wilderness. The steam-shovel leaves an ever lengthening double trail of canal and levee. When the job is finished the tract of swamp is surrounded by a levee, and inside the levee is a canal.



The greatest ruins of Mesopotamia—not the palaces of Nebuchadnezzar, but the piles of mud hundreds of miles long, carried out of ancient irrigation ditches by slaves. Modern engineers grade the stream so that it carries the mud to the field



A primary canal in the date garden of Hills Brothers Company near Basra. Twice a day for centuries water from the Shatt-el-Arab, a tidal river, has nourished this ancient land. Nothing but date palms are seen growing along both sides for miles upon miles

Secondary and tertiary channels are the first steps in turning this strip of desert into an oasis of date-palms. Pumps for surface drainage are the modern innovation. This photograph and the one immediately above by courtesy of Hills Brothers Company, New York. Top photograph by J. Russell Smith

Next comes a gridiron of cross ditches. These lead water into this main canal. A pumping plant on the levee drains the whole unit by lifting the water out into the swamp. Farming may now begin. Unfortunately these reclamations were put through by promoters who thought only of draining land, not at all of maintaining land. Therefore settlers had the usual frontier experience—a few good crops followed by a declining yield. This was especially the case with rice. It was land mining without replenishment. And yet there was the Mississippi carrying past these hungering farms enough fertility to enrich the whole plain.

Experts whose minds run to figures tell us that the Mississippi carries to the gulf each year 400,000 tons of sediment. Each day it would fill more than four hundred freight trains, each with fifty cars of fifty tons each. This mass of fertility would cover one square mile to the depth of three hundred and sixty-eight feet or it would cover twenty thousand square miles with more than one-fifth of an inch. The Nile, it will be remembered, deposited about one-thirtieth of an inch each year.

To utilize this mud as a source of fertility we merely need to get muddy water on to this farm land, let it stay there long enough for the silt to settle and then get the water off the land. This is nothing more than a simple problem in hydraulic engineering. It involves no new principle, no new device. It does involve, however, becoming inoculated with an idea and then proceeding according to a far-reaching plan. As the elements of a one-family house are to a modern apartment hotel holding two hundred families, so is the reclamation work or dredging canals to the far-reaching plan of making the Mississippi a benefit. It is really as simple as that.

We have reclaimed 10,000- and 20,000-acre units of flat swamp by making levees to keep water out, ditches to draw the water off and pumping plants to lower the level of the water in the ditches. These pumps work at less than a dollar per acre for coal per year. If the units above described could have in addition to their present plan, some means of flooding, under control, with muddy water, the plan might be perfect and perennial, rather than doomed to the swiftly declining value that has already overtaken the flood plain where our drainage has succeeded.

The houses of those who worked this land in the swamp were very naturally built in long rows

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upon the levee. Now, if one of these units could be made to work, a row of them along the bayou could be made to work more easily. It would be much like putting houses along the street. It is less costly to fit up the water works, drainage, streets, curbing and sidewalks for twenty houses in a row than for twenty scattered houses. The same is true of land units. Put two rows of ten-thousand- or fifteen-thousand-acre drainage and fertilizing units back to back like lots between two parallel streets. Let them be flooded for fertility occasionally, under control from the canals or rivers or bayous that correspond to the two streets, and after the muddy water has performed the beneficent duty of fertilization let it be drained off into a back channel—a channel that corresponds to the alley separating city lots at the back. If pumping is necessary, such units could be pumped cooperatively. It is usually cheaper to do such things in large rather than small units.

Spreading poison dust to fight the boll weevil on cotton land built by Mississippi mud. It will be maintained by Mississippi mud when we apply to the river the sound quality of brains and care that we now apply to flying machines. Photo by Underwood.

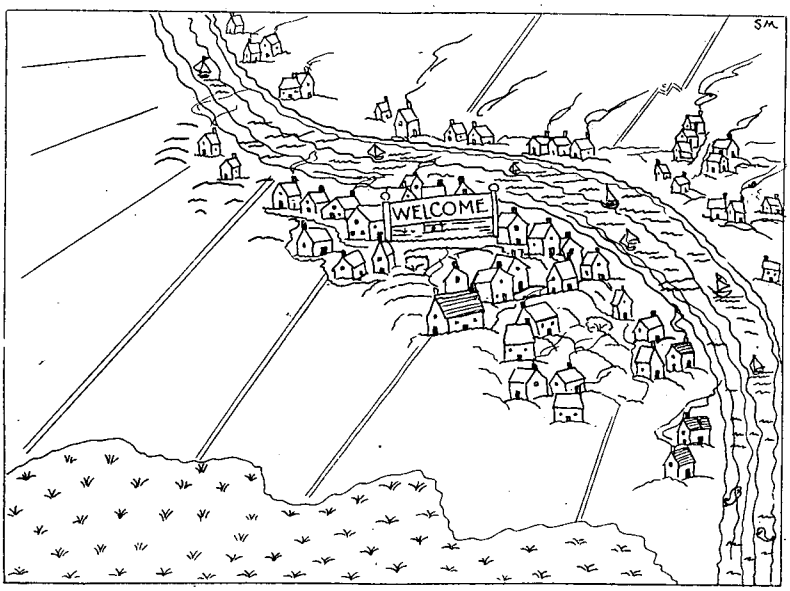
Many interesting details suggest themselves. The houses would of course be on the levees. With mechanical devices it would be possible and feasible to move enough material to make these levees where houses stand so high that another flood like this of 1927 would not touch a house or drown a single mule or pig or chicken. This would mean that the people lived in a long-drawn village, a stringtown, if you will. They would live in a stringtown and they should also have string farms. Why should not the rows of cotton and corn be so long that the worker would make one round in the forenoon and another in the afternoon? Thus a farm could be four or five rods wide and two or three miles long. It is entirely feasible to live in Stringtown-on-the-high-levee and let the mules live during working season in a cheap shed or lot, three miles out in the flats. The workers could go to and fro in the omnipresent flivvers. Thus it might be eight or ten miles across the productive flats of string-farms from one high stringtown to the next.

THERE is nothing new in the suggestion that the flood plain man should live in stringtown. Almost any detailed map of the flood plain shows that men live that way at present—Stringtown-on-the-bayou. Take, for example, the little town of Welcome, near Donaldsonville, Louisiana. The houses are massed in an almost continuous settlement along the bank of the Mississippi on land having an elevation of fifteen to twenty feet above Gulf level. The land slopes away from the river down to ten feet, to five feet, and even less before the swamp, at a distance of two and a half miles from the river, takes possession of the far-reaching lower flats. This high land by the river is called a natural levee. It was built up by the river in the natural process of dropping mud in time of overflow. Service roads and drainage ditches run straight down the slope from the river toward the swamp. The natural levee makes it clear why the river has many mouths. The river bank is the highest land; when water gets out of the river, it has no way of getting back.

THIS high location of the river is an essential part of the mud-fertilizer plan. The vital waters can easily be made to flow by gravity directly onto the land.

The division of the flood plain into a series of carefully planned, water-tight compartments for drainage and fertilizing could become a very effective part of a valley plan. Imagine a string of these units, from three to five miles wide, reaching from some danger point on the Mississippi to the Gulf. The houses are all on the north-south levees, so that if catastrophe should come and the river should break through, it could go right on down to the Gulf through a series of prepared breaks in the east-west levees. Meanwhile the people would be safe in their homes on the high north-south levees. Suppose the river menaces. Control gates are opened and two or three million acres are flooded to the depth of a few feet. Conceivably this might

(*Continued on p.* 186)



Map of a typical flood plain land. It is at Welcome, near Donaldsonville, La., above New Orleans. The river bank is built up by the river silt. The swamp (lower left corner) is less than five feet above sea level. The land near the river is from 15 to 20 feet. Therefore the houses are near the river in a stringtown and drainage ditches, shown by lines, carry water away from the river toward the swamp

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Community Chests

Poster by Jessie Willcox Smith for the Welfare Federation of Philadelphia

When the war chests were laid away with the drums ten years ago, there remained fourteen community chests to carry on for social welfare in fourteen cities. In the United States and Canada today there are 296, raising a yearly total of $64,000,000 from two and one-half million contributors. A strong chest raises as much as $4.75 for each person in the city. Its givers number one in eight—even one in five—of the population.

The chest has spread over the nation. It has become an instrument of tremendous power, resting chiefly on its ability to raise in one swift campaign the budgets of all the social agencies and institutions of a city. It constantly faces new problems. It must work out its own relation to the taxing power. It must meet the need for more funds with the growing complexities of modern city life, the ebb and flow of employment and sickness, the opportunity to open new doors to the good life to which we are increasingly committed for all Americans. It holds vast disciplinary power in its ability to grant or withhold funds; and both vigilance and tolerance will be needed in conserving the initiative of social agencies, especially where controversial issues and local interests are at stake.

Still under fire from sturdy individualists in the field of social welfare, the community chest has only recently got its head above the waters of controversy as to whether or not it can justify itself by its works. It turns now to consider its future and measure its enduring values. In the pages following some of its ablest spokesmen set forth a rough balance sheet together with at least some inklings of prophecy.

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Putting an Ideal to Work

By GEORGE E. VINCENT

DURING all history the city or the city-state has been the conspicuous example of the community. It was so in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile, and in ancient Greece and Rome. It was only with the growth of cities that modern Europe began to emerge from the dark ages. Even during the period in which nationalism has played so great a part, capitals and industrial cities have held a leading place as centers of influence and as nurseries of the community spirit. Plato makes Socrates say that the city is only the small-print of the individual spelled in capital letters. By which he meant to say that the larger life in common enables the citizen more easily and fully to realize his own possibilities.

What are these individual desires and needs which are spelled large in the city life and its institutions? A social philosopher has reduced these to six groups and has labeled each with a single word. Here are the six key terms: health, wealth, sociability, knowledge, beauty, rightness.

Every man and woman by nature tries: 1, at least to avoid pain if not to attain vigorous physical well-being; 2, to gain material power to command what money can buy and to avoid anxiety about the future; 3, to enjoy social intercourse; 4, to satisfy curiosity about nature and man; 5, to gratify a craving for the beautiful; 6, to have a sense of right and satisfying relationship with the unseen forces of the universe and with his fellow men.

It is the city at its best which offers the citizen largest opportunities to realize these desires. Cleveland through its municipal government, its industries and commerce, its social and recreational organizations, its schools, colleges, university, libraries, press and pulpits, its parks, monuments, public and private buildings, art collections, its churches, its public standards of conduct expressed in collective praise and condemnation, is putting into large and glowing capital letters the leading aspirations of the average citizen for a wider, fuller personal life.

But however gratifying the result as a whole, there are certain failures with respect to each of these six aims. People still fall ill, or into poverty and dependence; many fail to meet their fellows in wholesome recreation and social contact. Still others are deprived of education, and starved in their aesthetic lives. Worse still, large numbers fail to attain right ethical relations with the community. Breakdowns like these have called into being a great number of agencies official and voluntary: dispensaries, hospitals, nursing services, sanitaria, homes for children, summer camps, charity societies, settlements, night schools, associations for education and recreation and for ethical and religious influence.

THE president of the Rockefeller Foundation gave the signal for the start of the last campaign of the Cleveland Community Fund, striking a note of high purpose which found its roots in ancient cities which were nurseries of the community spirit, and its modern application in social work which seeks to open a door to men's aspirations.

Indispensable as such institutions are, it was only to be expected that they would grow up without a full appreciation of the problem as a whole and the part of each in a well-considered community program. Each went its own way, and appealed independently for public support. Out of this situation has grown the Community Chest with its study of community needs, its careful preparation of the year's budget, its annual week of educating the public by a vivid, concrete presentation, its well-organized plan of extra-governmental, self-imposed voluntary taxation, and its business-like and convincing reports.

Arnold Toynbee once said, "Enthusiasm can only be aroused by two things: first, an ideal which takes the imagination by storm, and second, a definite, intelligible plan for carrying that ideal out into practise." How perfectly this applies to your Community Chest! The ideal of a Cleveland which seeks to make life more healthful, interesting, wholesome and happy for every citizen surely takes the imagination by storm! And for helping to realize this in larger measure for the less fortunate among you what plans could be more definite and intelligible?

You, who are members of the team, are not being whipped to the discharge of a distasteful duty; you are being set free for a fine adventure; you are going as team-mates into a stirring game. How thrilling a thing it is to play a noble game with trusted, high-spirited companions! The team lines up; the signal is given; each player has instantly in his mind a picture of the play as a whole and sees his own individual part in its relations. He knows that each team-mate will do his share loyally and that all will fit together into a splendidly united effort. For the coming campaign you have leaders to give the signal; the plays have been worked out in every detail; you have only to get into the game for all you have in you.

The already wavering line of apathy, indifference, selfishness cannot hold you. You will sweep on to another victory for that great team which commands and calls upon your love and pride and loyalty, your city of Cleveland.

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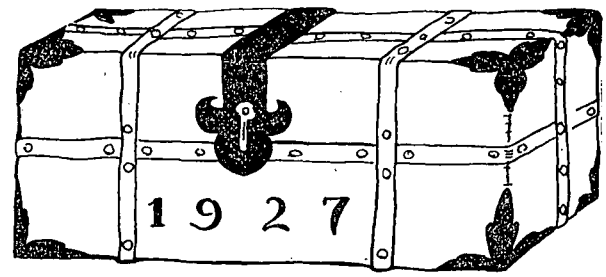
Social Work Grows Up



In ten years 14 community chests have grown to 296

By WILLIAM J. NORTON

Cartoons by Sara Merrill

THE thing now popularly called the community chest was born of the ardent patriotism of Americans crusading at war. Federations of social agencies had existed before, both financial federations and non-financial. For more than three decades Denver had carried on a halting experiment with a central philanthropic pool. For twenty years the Jews of many cities had demonstrated the practicality of joint funding for a small cohesive group. For five years a dozen mid-western and southern cities had instituted federations, some of which had been reasonably successful, some flat failures. Another dozen were playing with rather inoffensive councils of social agencies. Within a year from President Wilson's call to arms the war chest had sprung into existence in every part of America and shortly, when the war was over, its successor, the community chest, a new phase in the evolution of social work, was marching on.

In 1927, so remote from the passion of 1917, this movement has a grip on some three hundred American communities. Eighty-one American cities have more than a hundred thousand people each; seventy of them use the community chest today. Over two hundred other centers of various sizes have organized their philanthropies along the same lines. In the year just closed, chests together have raised something better than sixty-four million dollars from probably two million five hundred thousand contributors. If all of these givers were laid end to end they would stretch from the checkbooks of the richest capitalists to the pay-envelopes of the poorest workmen and encircle the gulf of social inequality forty times with radiant bands of goodwill. This tendency toward the democratic support of philanthropy is the greatest and the most far-reaching in its consequences of the several achievements of the community chests.

TO go back to the days before the war. Private philanthropy in America had arisen, partly because the enormous increase in city population, relying upon group interdependence as much as upon the old individual independence, had bred many additional possibilities for dependence and its resulting misery; partly because the growth of an expanding social surplus of wealth in private hands had made possible the continuous alleviation of fragments of the misery by little groups of organized people; partly because the unfolding of scientific knowledge had opened many new avenues of helpfulness; and partly because the habits of thought of the age made more easy the establishment of private rather than of governmental social work. Charity organization societies, nursing associations, hospitals, children's organizations, social settlements, health activities, societies to work for changes in the social structure, and various other forms of philanthropy had come into existence. The church, fraternal organizations, sororities, clubs and independent groups of benevolently-minded people sponsored these institutions. Following the Civil War, and again the Spanish War, spurts of creative activity had brought into existence additional medleys of institutions and associations. All of them had one characteristic in common: they were administered with almost perfect freedom and independence.

While each had a social objective, each was non-social in administration. It was governed by a few devoted individuals who gave little or no thought to the larger aspects of their responsibility to the public. To do good *per se* was enough. Had not religion always taught good deeds as a God-like emulation? And where had religion pronounced responsibility to the public at large as a God-like attribute? Moreover, the social philosophy of the country was epitomized in that famous phrase, "The public be damned." Public restraint of any kind was resented. Industry, public utilities, merchandising, religion, and all forms of business and social life demanded untrammeled freedom, complete unrestraint to create and to operate at will. And it was well that it was so for a while. An immense empire was being erected. A giant structure of business and commerce, of religious and educational life, of all forms of human activity, was being created and set in motion. Boldness, hardihood, freedom to dare and to do are needed in creation. While the timid halts and looks about to be sure that he is bolstered by habits hardened into sanctified rules and regulations, the daring creator crashes the gates of the unknown. It is fortunate indeed that those famous first six days of creation were not in the hands of deities accustomed to the discipline of tradition and regimentation; it would have taken millions of years of painfully slow and cruelly executed evolution to bring into existence such a perfect world.

This was the philosophy originating in this need that governed the rise of America's private philanthropy. True economy, which is to be differentiated from parsimony, meant nothing to it. The annoyance that is caused to its supporters was absolved by that "good *per se*" sanction. Real efficiency, responsibility to the public, and universal service were not in its picture. He who would create cannot be too cautious about waste. The persons who get in his way or in whose way he gets, must be brushed aside for the temporarily greater objective. Only enough efficiency is needed in the beginning of things to secure a clumsy motion. Such is the eternal and universal price of creation.

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Yet a change was brewing long before the convulsion of the World War. American society was gradually coming of age; and no society arrives at maturity, where it must feed and clothe and house, supply necessities, comforts and modest luxuries to a large and growing population, without being compelled eventually to challenge waste; to demand the greatest possible production with the least expenditure of energy, which is true economy; and to insist that all of its institutions shall place the rule of service, not only to client but also to the general public, at least on a par with the rule of service to self. No society ever comes into its most prolific fruit without installing some equitable harmonizer between the self-interest of the individual and his groups, and the interest of mankind in the great organized mass; between the rights of the individual and the little circles in which he moves, and his duties towards the completed circle of human society. Each set of institutions of any nature whatsoever must finally work into this kind of a harmonious relationship, if it will grow into universal acceptance and universal usefulness.

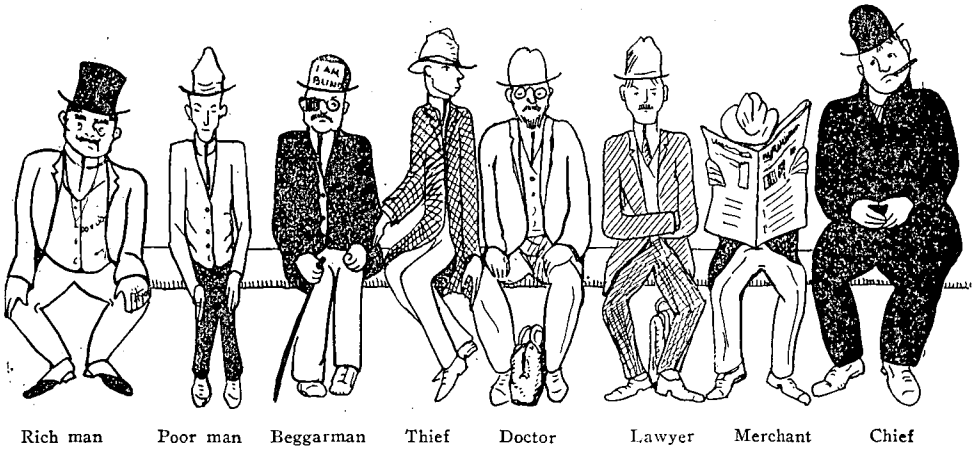
Years in advance of the War, thoughtful people were broadcasting challenges to many American institutions, daring them to start the work of socializing themselves. For a generation politics had been a tumultous arena for the purging of political parties and for the institution of government regulation over various utilities of universal use. Even the Democratic Party seemed to accomplish the impossible task of harmonizing Jefferson, Jackson and Bryan. Within its own confines business worked at combinations, centralizations, economic methods, quantity production, the popularization of stock ownership, and a new set of service ideals. The Protestant churches, the very haven of individual freedom, cast sheeps' eyes at union and coordination.

Few of the people who have been engaged in these affairs ever thought of them in terms of a common movement dominated by a general purpose. We act in terms of a pragmatic philosophy moved forward by a swinging of events, rather than from well-rounded general philosophy. Nevertheless all of these things are part and parcel of the same development. They represent American society passing from its romping adolescence into its serious maturity. Philanthropy did not escape challenges to join the ranks of other great institutions in the forward march. Some of those who contributed wanted waste to go—waste of money, waste of time, waste of energy. They were eager to distribute their burden to a more universal support and more universal responsibility. Some of those who gave their lives wanted a better technology more generally installed; a wider acceptance of their ideals; an expansion of service; and mutual protection from the freebooting emotionalist. And the public? It had to be shown the true necessity for these many highbrow organizations. It had impertinent questions to ask about overhead and administration. It demanded a restoration of the spirit of age-old charity, which it suspected had been mired in a morass of red tape and terminology.

As has been stated, modest experimentation had taken place, proving that economies were to be had; that more supporters and more money could be secured; and that efficiency methods were possible. Then the War, an upheaval that would not brook the slow evolutionary struggle for advancement; the war chest; and its peace-time successor the community chest, which today has captured a great fragment of America.

The caravel of philanthropy, following placid channels, piloted by a few sanctified individuals prompted to goodness and playing with a new scientific approach to humanism, all at once is tossed onto a broad and troubled sea where the driving winds emanate from the blowing hot and the blowing cold of the people, and the ports for coming and going are vast service depots for all mankind.

THIS then is the significant aspect of the new phase of social work dominating all other considerations; the passing of control of the destiny of social work from the few choice spirits who created and lovingly fostered it to the great and merciless democracy. To be sure, there is no community chest where the members of the managing board are chosen by public suffrage, although in a number of them a minority of the committee is chosen by the contributors. Nevertheless, through its right to withhold money if it chooses, a right which it has exercised on more than one occasion, the public has a commanding voice in the policies and even the determination of personnel of a community chest. In the beginning fear was expressed that control was passing into the hands of the big givers. Experience proves that it is not the big giver but the little giver in the mass, the common man and woman in the aggregate, who is today exercising the most profound influence upon philanthropy. Instead of the tiny handful of thoughtful givers in the days before the War, we find a general average of one giver to every eight persons in the population in community chest cities, more than a majority of the entire adult population; and in those cities where the movement has sunk its deepest roots the average is considerably higher. These givers are the raw material out of which public opinion is made. Their giving is voluntary. It is this plodding mass, the fabricator of public opinion, backed by a whimsical veto upon funds, that has become the determining factor in social work's newest administrative development.



Rich man Poor man Beggarman Thief Doctor Lawyer Merchant Chief

On the average, the community chests muster one contributor out of each eight residents of a city. A prize of a year's subscription to Survey Graphic will be given for the best guess as to which one of the eight above is the giver.

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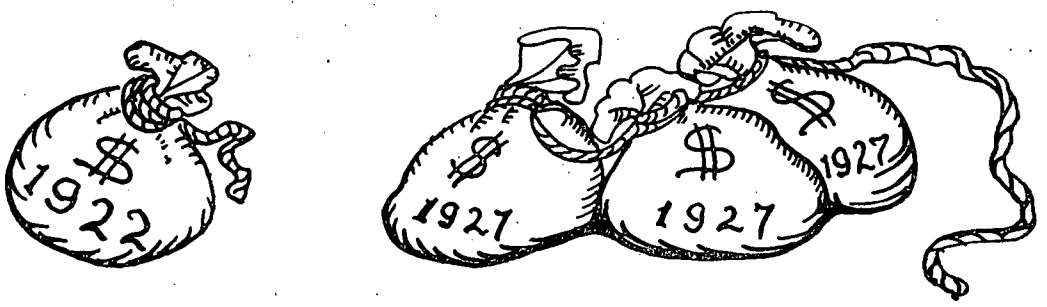
Public acceptance of social work as a necessary integer in the mechanical scheme of American life, for which the pioneers of philanthropy aspired, has come rather suddenly. With it goes an enormously enlarged support. Pocketbooks of old givers have opened expansively; and for every contribution before the War, a score are now upon the rolls.



Five years ago contributions to community chests in the United States and Canada totaled $23,000,000. This year they are $64,000,000.

This change in the status of social work has finally been brought about through the medium of the community chest. No longer the foible of the few, recognized now as a common necessity to be supported by the many, it must stand the gaff of public dominance and meet the requirements of any general public service.

THE community chest, self-elected to stand between the public and its newly adopted institution, assumes a super-trusteeship. That trusteeship implies certain obligations. Reversed, they become public rights, and the public critically requires that the rights should be protected in return for continued goodwill.

The first of these is that early adjuration of the business man, promoter of federation to eliminate waste and annoyance, which are partly synonymous terms. Nineteen twenty-seven finds definite progress made in this direction. There can be little argument that the cost of raising money has been reduced by a percentage which, if computed for the large amounts raised by the chests since the War, would total a handsome sum. Numerous surveys establish that the average cost of raising money among unfederated societies is about fifteen per cent. It is rare to find a community chest where the cost of raising, collecting, administering, and distributing money runs higher than seven per cent. Central buildings promoted and managed by community chests are becoming common, where agencies that maintain offices without the need for institutional facilities or for neighborhood locations, have been centralized and are saving amazingly large sums of money. The control of budgets, comparative cost analyses, standardization of salaries, combining of agencies and of positions, and other efforts that result in the elimination of duplication, have all met the requirement for economy.

Money is only one of the many things that can be wasted. Time and energy are others. Joint campaigns once a year save the time and energy of givers and workers alike. The maintenance of the immunity rule is as much in the interest of economy as it is for the reduction of annoyance and the protection of responsibility. The control over the number, the chronological scheduling, and the planning of building-fund campaigns, which has been partly worked out, is in the same interest.

Promises of economy have been fulfilled up to the present in a satisfactory degree. We are, however, in the beginning of an era of saving and not at its close. If we would continue to warrant the confidence of our new ally, the general public, we should push forward into fresh economies that are still possible upon a larger scale.

The second right which the public demands is greater efficiency. Again the promises have been realized within reason. The centralization of services, the combinations of agencies, the weeding out of the useless, the reorganizations of boards and of staffs, the filling of unfilled needs, the expansion of work where too little was done, are a few expressions of the fulfillment of this right that have taken place many times in the life of the movement.

Perhaps the greatest effort and the one least talked about in this field is the attempt to standardize statistical information; to make its flow continuous, and to pool the knowledge thus gathered in many communities in the central office of the Association of Community Chests and Councils. Out of that collaboration, made possible only by the community chest movement, will come eventually information for exact and scientific measuring that will throw a great light on the real usefulness of a multitude of now doubtful work-processes. There can be no truly efficient science of social work until such a system is established. It is greatly to the credit of the community chest movement that it has undertaken this task, in its earnestness to discharge its obligation toward efficiency.

The third requirement which the public makes, more obscure perhaps than the other two and still of equal importance, is for responsibility. In the first place the money given is a trust fund, that must be spent honestly and reasonably usefully. Philanthropy, relying so much upon the sympathies, has been a fairly easy field for the fakir and the wanton emotionalist. The public, being frankly ignorant of the sincerity and usefulness of many institutions, has found in the community chest a discriminating responsibility in distributing funds. The fact that no scandal has arisen in community chest circles in all these years would indicate that the confidence is well placed.

BUT there is a much larger aspect to this requirement. If American society can work out satisfactory instruments for a widespread and responsible system of scientific social work on an economic and efficient basis that will serve the people and at the same moment protect their past initiative and energy for productive purposes, it has found a new and important answer to the socialization of wealth. Rich America, with its amazingly large number of wealthy citizens, dares not permit the steady accumulation of wealth in private hands without an urgent and constant insistence

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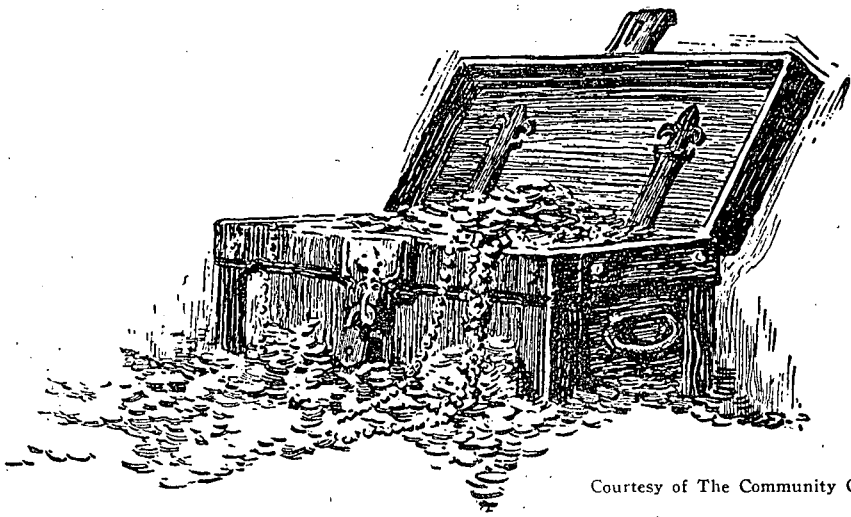
that the surplus must be used in the public benefit rather than for luxurious revelry or hoarding. Both extravagance and hoarding breed new forms of age-old oppressions. These we do not propose to recreate. We have reached a time in the world's history where it is generally recognized that wealth is created through the cooperative labor of many people working together with bounteous nature. The few who have creative, promotive, and administrative ability will always collect fortunes at the manifold gaming tables that make up the market-place. Giving due recognition to the fact that this is required for progress and prosperity, and giving recognition again to the knowledge that large possessions inevitably breed an expansive and expensive scale of living, we still have a right to insist that the major portion of what is produced by all must be used for the benefit of all.

When we stop to think it over, we find but four major ways in which wealth can be used for the common benefit. The first is of course consumption for the sustenance of life—comfort and modest luxury. The second is a reinvestment of surplus in a multitude of new business enterprises or the expansion of old in order to furnish more labor and create new wealth. The third is through the commonwealth itself in those common services which the evolution of government has absorbed into itself. And the fourth is in those great privately managed benevolent institutions of religion, education, culture, and social work, which offer a guarantee to society that the life, ideals, health and intelligence of the people shall be steadily fostered and forwarded.

If one analyzes the rise of American social work he finds its motives in the age-old principle of charity; its need in the suffering of humanity; and its possibility in the great growth of surplus wealth. To harness this motive, this need, and this wealth together for human benefit, to use the surplus wisely, to provide other channels than those of extravagance, to make it productive not only for consumption products, but also for so-called higher things of life, is the great challenge of our times. The idealistic business men of America have struck hands with the social workers in establishing a system of scientific and loving humanism that is a new and commanding answer to that challenge.

The private agencies, both those that exist and those that are to come, offer the place for expression of a new, bigger and marvelously rich spirit of *noblesse oblige*. The community chest, guaranteeing to wealth responsibility with its accompaniments of economy, efficiency, and sanity in all its constituent agencies, has broken the jam that held back the stream of human service and material wealth. No movement in our times has been less understood. No movement holds more profound possibilities for the future.



Courtesy of The Community Chest of Scranton, Pa.

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A Chest Commander's Vision

By WILLIAM COOPER PROCTER

WHEN I was asked to take the chairmanship of the campaign, I was loath to do so and hoped that some other way might be found. So I first looked into the chest's expenditures and then at the quotas given the various agencies. I discovered that everything was being handled in a very efficient way. I checked the salary lists for stenographers, clerks and general employes with those of Procter and Gamble and found them not so high as those of Procter and Gamble for similar services.

The budgets of the different agencies, I found, are gone over by their trustees, checked by the Executive Budget Committee of the chest, and finally compared item for item with similar institutions. For example, the cost of feeding in one hospital is compared with the cost in other hospitals. The budgets are analyzed and the expenses compared, and if the expenses in one department are excessive as compared with a similar department in another institution, the reason why is ascertained and adjustment made. I have no hesitancy in saying that the chest is efficiently and economically administered. I felt also that the allotments made to agencies were properly apportioned. I could find no chance for retrenchment.

Under such circumstances, what should we do? Limit the agencies' work, check growth, kill spirit—or find the additional $200,000 they imperatively need?

For several years the chest had not quite reached its quota. The experience in other cities had been similar. It grows harder and harder—and this in spite of the fact that the population of the country is increasing and never before has prosperity been so great and so widespread in this country. I was told that chests throughout the country were wondering why the impulses of giving, mostly due to the war-time, were fading away.

I came to the conclusion that the trouble was that we, and the other cities in the country, were lacking in faith. If we go out to meet the needs of humanity there will come a spirit of brotherhood, a feeling of responsibility, which will bring a forward advance in humanitarian work. We offer no excuses for asking an increase, we have no reserve in saying that this campaign must succeed.

The whole inspiration of the chest lies in the teams. Unless this is a *community* chest, a chest to which the entire community gives, unless the teams bring home to the minds of the people the needs to be met and the personal responsibility of each citizen and enlist his sympathy and interest, the movement itself is doomed to failure. Your campaign, and your community chest rest on the teams and not on the large givers.

I would like to bring home to the individual solicitor in the ranks the fact that his work is important. The acid test for success in men and women is whether they can recognize the importance of a piece of work that is a part of a whole. The man who succeeds is the man who takes up his work and realizes its importance. At Procter and Gamble, if a cub salesman gets a job and takes it up as if he thinks it is the most important work in the whole company, he soon goes up. His attitude may be boyish, but it is very fine. So, it seems to me, the fundamental test of success, and almost of character, is the realization by the individual that his work is big work and worth the utmost he can put into it.

If we fail in this campaign, it will be a long time before another community chest campaign will succeed. There is a better spirit abroad among people than in any campaign since the War. There is money here, too, if you will do the work necessary to get it. If we do not go over, if that impossibility should happen, what would be the condition of the chest? Can any organization function efficiently if it is without the resources for proper expansion?

And, furthermore, not only is the success of this campaign important to Cincinnati, it is important to the nation. I am told that the community chests throughout the country are looking to Cincinnati during this campaign. Cincinnati stands high; its success or failure will be felt in every city. What is at stake in this campaign is the question: Can the Community Chest continue to meet the needs of this city as the city grows and expands?

We were drawn together during the War by a great impulse. That impulse is with us no longer, but during the past seven years the Community Chest has been the great agent that has united us, that has drawn us together in a true bond of brotherhood. It has given new life to our charities; it has elevated our ideas and our ideals of social service; it has strengthened our religion; it has improved our business and our politics. So, I appeal to you to think of it as more than civic work, for it is religious work.

MR. PROCTER was chairman of the campaign in which the Cincinnati Community Chest not only broke through a dead level of contributions which had held stubbornly for four years, but set a new high standard for a large city. The large-scale operations of a chest, which in Cincinnati raises an annual budget of $2,030,000, has challenged the interest of men of affairs, like Mr. Procter, who is the president of The Procter and Gamble Company, the makers of Ivory Soap. His vision of the meaning of the chest was given first to the solicitors who successfully carried out the campaign.

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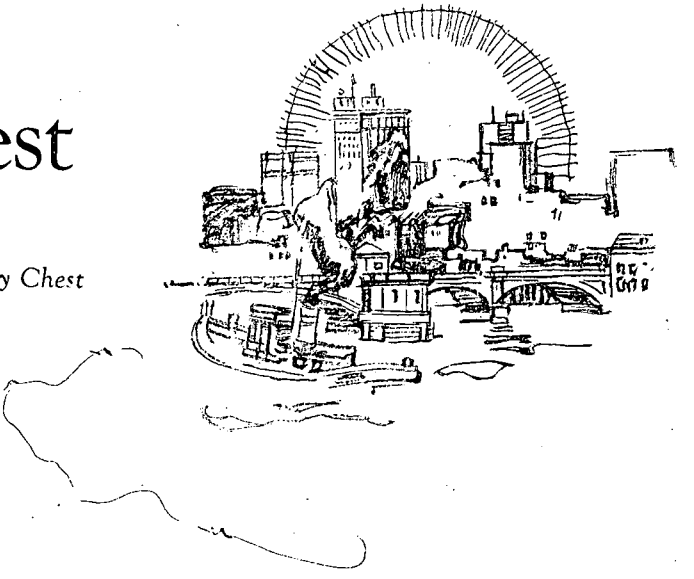
Everyman's Chest

By ALLEN T. BURNS

Drawings by C. O. Westland for the Toledo Community Chest



LAST spring the Young Men's Christian Association of New York set out to raise $6,500,000 for new buildings. They secured barely $4,000,000 in the richest city of the world—and the Y.M.C.A. makes a strong appeal to the wealthy. Two years before, Detroit, a city one-sixth the size of New York and certainly with no greater proportionate wealth, raised $5,800,000 for Y.M.C.A. buildings. This year, at the same time that New York was failing, Detroit raised $4,200,000 for buildings for the Y.W.C.A. and other women's organizations.

What made the difference between the two cities? What made the smaller, less well-to-do city the more generous? Both used the same methods; in fact, the intensive high-power campaign for social welfare finance originated in the Y.M.C.A. and spread from New York to other cities and other organizations, and New York employed this spring the same campaign director that Detroit had used two years before. Certainly the technique of money-raising does not explain the difference in giving for identical purposes. Some similar contrasts in other cities will suggest an explanation.

A year ago the citizens of New York contributed $7,000,000 for building hospitals in connection with the medical center being developed at Columbia, the country's richest university in its richest city. But this year the people of Cleveland contributed $8,000,000 for hospitals at the medical center of the relatively poor university of their much smaller and less wealthy city. In 1925 Baltimore raised $1,500,000, only half its original quota, toward the jubilee endowment fund of its great Johns Hopkins University. The same year Rochester, less than half the size of Baltimore, contributed $7,000,000 to the development of its local university. What made the difference? Why the discrepancy between gifts and ability to give?

The leaders of New York's Y.M.C.A. campaign stated at the outset that they lacked one great asset that Detroit had possessed—the community sense of responsibility for welfare institutions. They said they must try to make up for this disadvantage from New York's greater resources. But even the wealth of New York did not offset the stronger sense of responsibility and community spirit of Detroit. How did Detroit get that way? And Cleveland? And Rochester?

The community and philanthropic leaders of these three cities are in complete agreement on an explanation: their cities had learned to give, to meet large responsibility for community enterprises, by the training received in their community chests. A more thorough analysis of chest giving will tend to substantiate the explanation, for these new community organizations have gone far in making both giving and the sense of responsibility well-nigh universal in cities where they have existed for as long as ten years. Analysis of giving in chest and non-chest cities will make this clearer. Chests are proving successful to the extent that they make certain fundamental contributions to community life. These contributions are inherent in any adequate chest.

Recent studies in Chicago and Boston, and in Philadelphia just before starting its chest, showed about one person in thirty of the population contributing to charity. Chest contributions, on the other hand, average one in eight of the population and a chest does not consider itself really successful until its givers are one in five. Many chests equal this ratio and some exceed it. A giver for every family is a chest's ambition.

Such giving, outside of community-wide funds, has not been known in America, except during the War. The single exception brings home the value of such universal giving. The country in its crisis felt the need of marshalling all its resources and many have wondered how the War lessons in common action could be made permanent. The chest has done it so far as giving habits are concerned, for fund cities are showing an ability to secure contributions for all community purposes out of proportion to their wealth as compared with non-chest cities. By teaching everybody to give to chests they establish giving habits which increase the resources available for all other community projects.

ON a smaller scale, these instances of a larger and general giving could be paralleled in many chest cities, for example, the Oranges and Toledo. The point is that the chest, by systematizing and popularizing philanthropic appeals, has awakened a community-wide responsibility for them. The successful chest exists not to protect citizens from appeals but to relate appeals to each other in such a way as to secure the greatest possible response. The effective chest has become a teacher, not an opponent of giving and community obligation.

Adequate as well as general support of community benevolence is the aim of a chest. Chests are an answer to the growing insufficiency in the funds of social agencies. Just as mother's pensions from public funds grew out of insufficient relief by private agencies, so chests have developed from a conviction that the resources of the whole community must be tapped for adequate social service. In general, chests have raised more money for community welfare than

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did the separate agencies before chest days. Some chests seem to be satisfied with this achievement. But communities grow and the arts of human helpfulness develop. Under such conditions social agencies, like other human institutions, must grow too. No chest can claim to have satisfied all the ambitions of all its agencies for increased resources, but many chests can show not only greater support of social work than before the chest, but also increasingly greater support. Worcester, Hartford, the Oranges, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Richmond, Virginia, Kansas City, Missouri, and St. Louis are striking instances. Nobody can give an absolute figure for adequate support of social welfare in a community. Social welfare is not yet so exact a science. But chests can retain the loyalty of their social agencies and contributors only as they make possible better and better social work.

Recently I met with a chest board that was inclined to rest on its laurels because two years before it had stood eighth among chests in per capita support of social welfare. It was astonishing to learn that in two years seven more chests had passed it, leaving it in fifteenth place. Like Alice in Wonderland, a chest in its world has to run as fast as it can just to stay where it is. The chest has set a new standard of adequate support of social work. For the larger cities this amounts to at least four dollars per capita, a showing which several chests already exceed.

There are few figures to indicate how such a chest standard of welfare support compares with non-chest giving. But three years ago, the Chicago Councies showed in a study that outside citizens of Chicago were contributcapita to the city's social agencies; basis the chest of Cleveland was lars and forty-three cents per of Chicago have objected that tions are not an adequate basis city's generosity may have taken ments and plant which earn cil of Social Agenthe hospitals, the ing two dollars per on a comparable collecting three dolcapita. Some citizens current contribuof comparison, for a the form of endowenough to make up for smaller yearly contributions. Figures are available for this broader comparison. Raymond Clapp of the Cleveland Fund and Welfare Federation made for the Association of Community chests a study which gives these inclusive figures for 1924. In this study, Chicago shows up as follows in total income per capita from all sources as compared with some larger chest cities. Chicago $10.50, Detroit $10.67, Cleveland $11.72, Buffalo $13.03, Minneapolis $14.35, Kansas City $12.44, Rochester $14.29.

Returning to the comparison of contributions only, figures are available for Boston, a traditionally generous city, through a study made by its chamber of commerce in 1924, which showed that the annual amount received by social agencies of every kind was three dollars and eighty-five cents per capita of population. When the chamber's committee had analyzed the figures further, it estimated that contributions to such agencies as would naturally enter a community chest amounted to $2,600,000, or only two dollars and thirty-five cents per capita, to be compared with four dollars per capita raised by the chests in Cleveland, San Francisco, and Scranton. This last spring Rochester and Cincinnati set a new high standard by raising, respectively, four dollars and sixty cents and four dollars and seventy-five cents per capita.

A third value in community chests is that they develop a balanced program, a city plan of social work, through the budgeting of all the needs of all the social agencies. Other methods of making a social program for a community have been tried, such as a Council of Social Agencies or an endorsement committee. But to be effective, planning must include finance as well as policy-making and the community chest is the only method of planning a city's social work which makes financial provision for carrying out the plan. Social programs without corresponding financial budgets are as inadequate as powers of self-government without taxing authority.

Protection

THE budget principle of community chests has gone a long way to satisfy systematic business minds. President Coolidge has stressed this feature in his endorsement of chests. All who have dealt with chest budgets know how far they are from being accurately planned or adequately proportioned. The science of social service has not yet developed to a point at which it can determine, for example, the need of a city of 100,000 for personal service and relief for needy families in comparison with its requirements for free visiting nursing. However, attempts to plan and budget chest resources are giving the most insistent urge to studies which will give a scientific basis for the appropriations of budget committees.

Such studies had an auspicious beginning in 1925 when Raymond Clapp of Cleveland gathered for the Association of Chests inclusive figures of the support from all sources for all kinds of social work in nineteen cities. The sources include government funds, income from endowments, contributions, and beneficiaries. Such figures show the practice of different communities in furnishing money for welfare work. Some supply a greater proportion from taxes, others from current gifts. But a beginning has been made in compiling complete community budgets as a basis for chest appropriations. The procedure is similar to the gathering of thousands of family budgets as a basis for wage adjustments and relief grants. Budgets for many more communities must be made available in still more accurate form before anything

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like norms can be established. The financial figures must be supplemented by statistics of service, such as free bed-days furnished by hospitals, days' care in boarding homes for children, or adequate standards of relief for needy families.

Such studies are being made by individual chests and by national social agencies, including the Association of Community Chests. All are moved by the need to make charitable resources go as far as possible and to divide them equitably between various services. The growth and spread of social work has subjected it to the same demand for system and organization that is made upon business and government. Social programs must be reduced to an order that can be grasped quickly amid all the confusion of modern life and its competition for attention. Only the concerns of mankind which meet this requirement for unity and simplicity can occupy a large place in public thought.

THE chests have made the most serious attempt so far to develop such balanced programs of social work, but only a beginning has been made. Conscientious budget committees must admit they have produced more of the form than the substance of adequate city plans for social service. But more and more chests are enlisting minds of the type that insists on finding a due balance and proportion in all finance. Chests will continue to hold high place in community esteem to the extent that they give better and better answers to the question: Are charitable gifts made and spent in proportion to the actual human needs of a community?

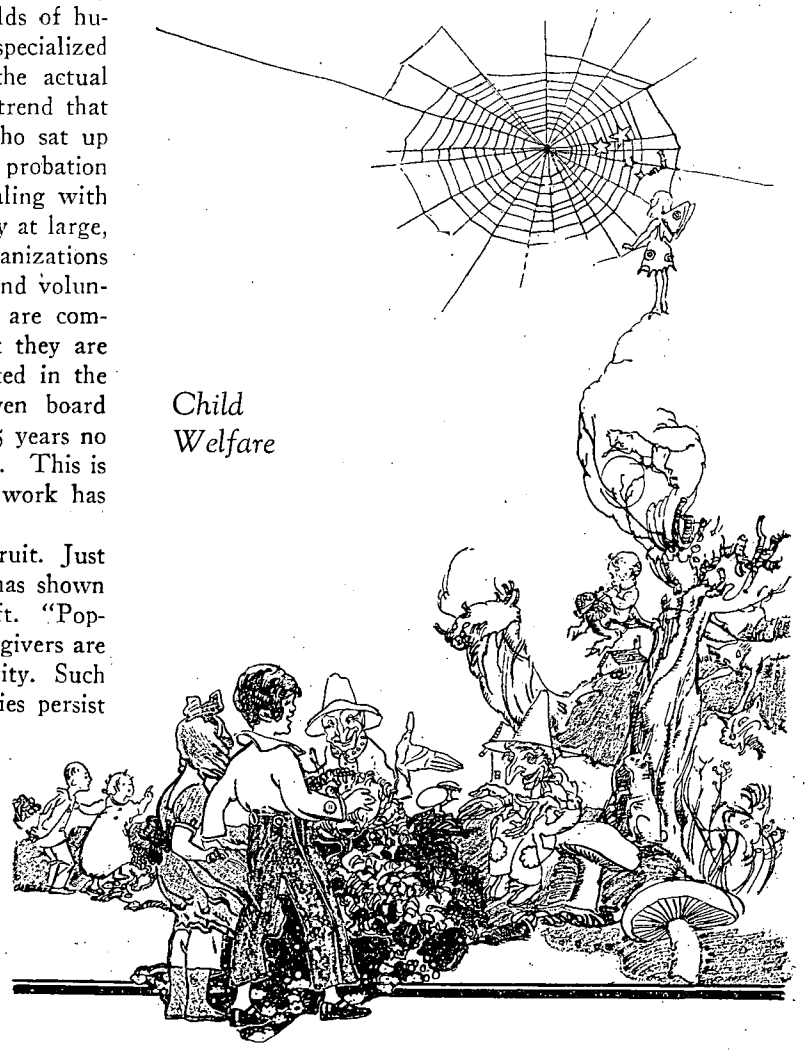
Community chests offer a fourth contribution to the community by restoring the common participation of ordinary citizens in social welfare work. Like all other fields of human effort, social work has become increasingly specialized and technical. This was inevitable so far as the actual rendering of service is concerned. It follows the trend that substitutes the trained nurse for the neighbors who sat up nights with the sick, the juvenile court judge and probation officer for the police justice and policeman in dealing with boys. But it has gone so far that, to the community at large, social work has seemed professionalized. Organizations complain of difficulty in securing board members and volunteers. Agency boards, on the other hand, often are composed of men and women so long in service that they are considered semi-professional. The trend is reflected in the National Conference of Social Work where even board members grow rare and feel out of place. For 15 years no layman has even been nominated for the presidency. This is real ground for a widespread feeling that social work has become the concern of a caste.

High specialization has borne some unexpected fruit. Just as the gift without the giver is bare, so the giver has shown a decided disinclination to be separated from his gift. "Popular charities" have resulted from the feeling that givers are too shut out from the activities of professional charity. Such outbreaks trouble the professionals, yet lay activities persist because they better satisfy the human hunger to give oneself with his gift. Their forms are many and of widely varying value: The indiscriminate giving to beggars, the response to newspaper appeals, the Elks' Christmas dinner, the Big Brother and Big Sister movements, the Rotary boys' clubs, the Kiwanis' care for crippled children, the children's hospitals of the Shriners and the American Legion's program for dependent children. The tide of human helpfulness refuses as stubbornly as the Mississippi to flow in too restricted and artificial a channel. The wisest welfare organizations, like the Child Welfare League of America, do not oppose but study how to utilize the impulses of large groups to do, as well as give, something.

The community chest, as no other social welfare organization, has made use of this desire. The annual campaign marshalls one worker for about every twenty families. This effectiveness is developed to the extent to which they actually learn and understand just what the chest funds are needed and used for. "Pep," rivalry, community pride are found insufficient forces for reaching the goal. The solicitor must be instructed and trained for his job.

As the annual chest campaign enables the average citizen to feel himself a part of the humane forces of the community, so do the larger financial and organization problems of a chest secure the interest of the leading minds of a city. The problem of unifying from twenty to a hundred charities is a challenge to men who have consolidated competing plants or banks, such as never is presented by the development of the technique of social work. Budgets of from $300,000 to $500,000 in smaller cities and from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000 in larger ones offer an opportunity to men accustomed to deal with large affairs. The job of organizing a force of one thousand to six thousand workers makes tried executives realize that they have something to contribute out of their own daily experience and achievement.

Chests in general seem to have too much static, to have reached a stage of catching their second wind. In April of this year reports from 146 community chests showed that



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they had raised only seven-tenths of one per cent more for 1927 than for 1926. Records of 68 chests for five years, 1923-27, showed that increases were on a declining scale. The figures for these 68 chests for five years are as follows:

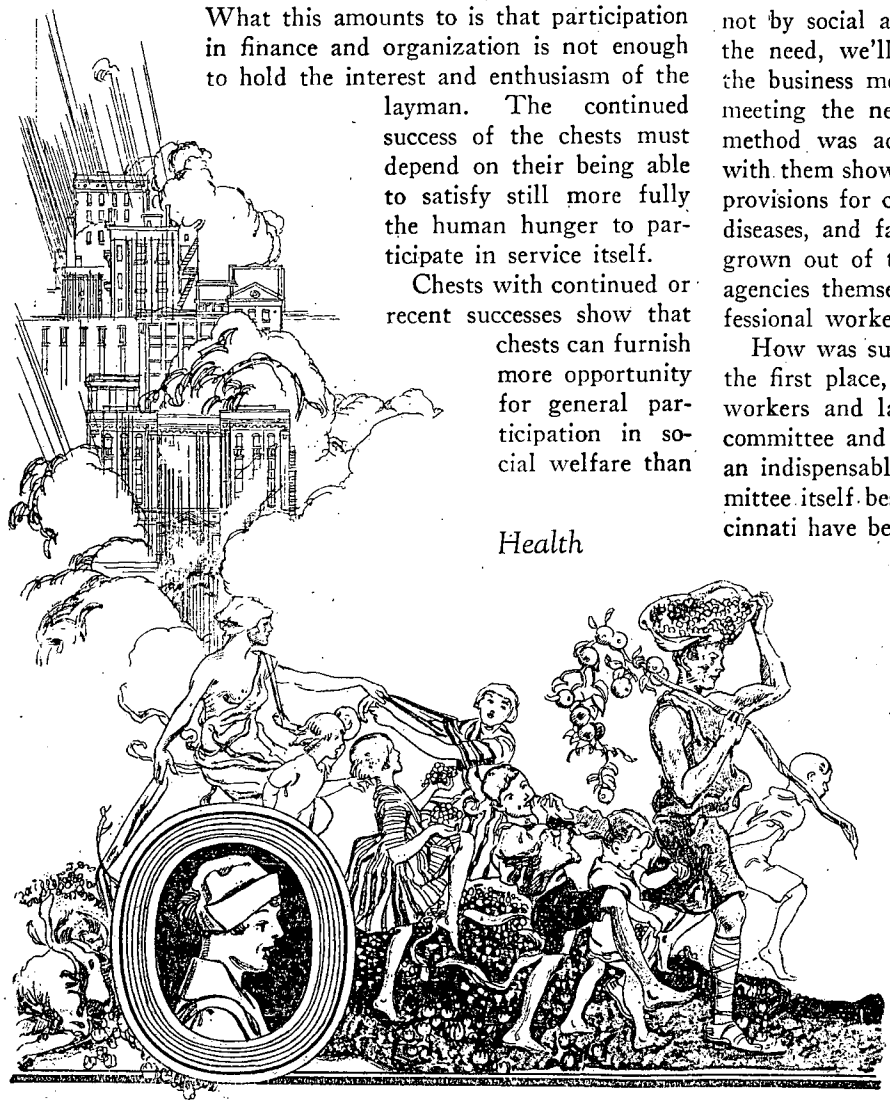
	Raised	Increase	Increase Per cent
1923	$29,666,618		
1924	31,940,774	$2,274,156	7.6
1925	33,009,445	1,068,671	3.3
1926	34,933,143	1,923,698	5.8
1927	35,387,627	454,484	1.3

These and other available figures show a slowing down, a sag in growth. They are in striking contrast to the Census figures of an increase in the country's wealth of 7 or 8 per cent annually, and to income tax figures which give the increase in personal income at 25 per cent from 1922 to 1923, the latest years for which comparable returns are available.

The slowing up gives good grounds for pause. Has the law of diminishing returns set in so early? Has the enlistment of new forces for social work won only a short-lived gain? One explanation stands out. It can be summarized in the apology of the perennial campaign chairman of one of the largest and strongest chests, which has also fallen on these evil days: "You see this whole thing started under war momentum and we haven't had enough contact with the work to furnish any new incentive." What this amounts to is that participation in finance and organization is not enough to hold the interest and enthusiasm of the layman. The continued success of the chests must depend on their being able to satisfy still more fully the human hunger to participate in service itself.

Chests with continued or recent successes show that chests can furnish more opportunity for general participation in social welfare than the old era of largely specialized social work. In six years the Worcester chest has never failed to reach its goal or make an increase over the preceding year. The president is a busy manufacturer, but he is able to discuss intelligently whether or not the plans for development of a particular health center duplicate the work of the visiting nurse association. He and his board insist on being kept in intimate touch with the activities of the member agencies.

Scranton has gained every year except that of the anthracite strike, the average increase, including the strike year, being six per cent. This chest has succeeded in making its campaign organization function throughout the year by turning its soliciting organization into a collecting force. This has kept givers convinced throughout the year that the objects of their gifts are worth while. The chest itself, and through it the community, has learned of the problems of service of the member-agencies not by annual complaints or favorable comments but through monthly contacts. The solicitors have made it their business to keep the social agencies and the community in close touch through conferences of givers and social workers, group meetings to explain complaints and difficulties. A recent study of Scranton citizens showed them to be surprisingly well informed.



Health

THIS year Cincinnati set a new high-water mark of giving for big city chests, $4.75 per capita after an almost static period of five years at $4.00. The most surprising feature was that the initiative was taken by laymen and not by social agencies. The campaign slogan, "Let's meet the need, we'll give more," epitomized the convictions of the business men of the city. In fact they suggested that meeting the need be made the test of whether the chest method was adequate as a continuous policy. Interviews with them showed an astonishing familiarity with inadequate provisions for child welfare, new Negro population, chronic diseases, and family dependency. Their determination had grown out of their active participation in the work of the agencies themselves. They felt them as keenly as the professional workers.

How was such effective participation brought about? In the first place, no hard and fast lines are drawn between workers and laymen. On the directing board, the budget committee and other bodies, social workers are included as an indispensable leaven. But the work of the budget committee itself best illustrates how the leading citizens of Cincinnati have been quickened. The budget committee proper consists of nine persons, four appointed by the chest board and five elected by representatives of social agencies. These nine divide all the agencies in the chest for special year-round study. Each member secures for this study the cooperation of sub-committee members of four or five leaders in various fields. The enlarged and full group of sub-committees meets semi-monthly and at each meeting one sub-committee reports and has representatives of its special agencies speak. The problems discussed belong to groups of agencies and so to the whole community. As a result, city leaders have come to realize the unsolved social problems. This budget committee procedure is typical of the Cincinnati policy of securing in many ways active

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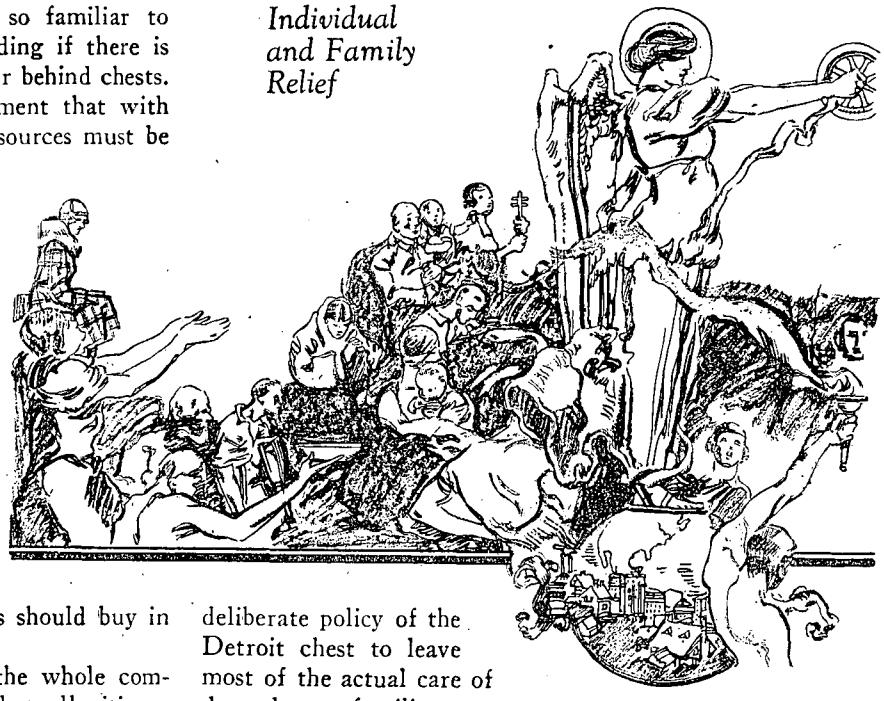
participation of laymen in those situations so familiar to social workers and so in need of understanding if there is to be an adequate incentive and driving power behind chests.

There has been general theoretical agreement that with the increasing pressure of city life private resources must be supplemented by public funds. But generally social workers have been Uriahs, fearing that their ark would be toppled over in the transfer; their opposition to mothers' pensions as a supplement to admittedly inadequate private relief funds has been a classic example. Similarly, figures show that funds may be given ever so generously for free hospital care, yet unless public money is available to several times the maximum of private contributions, a community will be poorly served. But whether public hospitals give good or poor care of the sick depends on a widespread understanding of what good hospital care costs and something of what adequate funds should buy in service and accommodations.

Individual and Family Relief



What better school of social work for the whole community to attend than an annual request that all citizens give to the support of such work and the necessary explanations and arguments going with the request? Little by little both the campaign workers and the whole community are being compelled to think not only about the problem of relief, but as to why relief bills mount during an increase of prosperity.

THE ease, in some cases the too great ease, with which support can pass from private giving to tax funds, is finding many illustrations. In Fort Worth, the chest has gone out of existence because the city charter has been amended to provide support of private agencies out of taxes. Old problems connected with public money spent by private citizens do not seem to have been considered. Topeka is in the process of making the same transfer with apparently as little forethought. But even these changes indicate an awakening to public responsibility for social work.

In older chest communities more considerate action is taken to develop both adequate public morale and actual responsibility in this field. When Cleveland found from the Clapp study that it stood first among nineteen cities in per capita voluntary contributions to welfare but only fourteenth in tax support, a committee of influential men was organized to study what responsibilities the public authorities could assume. Almost at once a large increase in mothers' pension appropriations was secured. This looked toward removing the disparity in a city that was third in private support of dependent families and sixteenth in tax contributions for this purpose. Attention is now being directed to the development of the municipal hospital and its resources, since Cleveland ranks second in private and seventh in public support of hospitals.

The city authorities of Rochester this year made an agreement with the chest to assume greater responsibility for free hospital care so that chest funds might be released for better care of needy families. On the other hand, it has been the deliberate policy of the Detroit chest to leave most of the actual care of dependent families to public authorities. But the chest has taken the responsibility of studying continuously the work done and of bringing to bear the influence of a strong group in appraising and developing this public service.

In the development of public morale for community welfare, the transfer of the financial burden is not so significant as the growth of popular interest in securing effective discharge of public responsibility. In the welfare field, the chests are creating groups that are the counterparts of the older civic bodies which have awakened and kept alive public concern for terms of utility franchises or the administration of public schools. Last year, Cincinnati chest leaders used their influence to make theirs the first Ohio city to take advantage of a new law abolishing the sacredly low limit of taxation. Immediately after, the chest and city officials together undertook to install an adequate public welfare department. This happy partnership is considered as much a chest responsibility as the annual campaign.

The fact is, the chests are realizing that their own continued success depends on something of an even-handed partnership between public and private organizations. This makes for mutual reinforcement. Private citizens are requiring reasonable public appropriations as a condition of their giving. In the very process of soliciting and securing private gifts, an intelligence is being created which can understand and require an adequate public welfare policy. For social welfare, the community chest is producing the essentials for the assumption of responsibility by the public, the recognition of a general unmet need for which private resources are insufficient, and the development of a citizenship which has a natural and continuous stake in meeting this need.

Social welfare leaders have long recognized that nothing less than the resources of the whole community, financial, human, administrative, and cooperative, are sufficient for welfare needs. By its very nature the community chest is a real step ahead in marshalling community resources. In teaching everyone to give, in setting a high standard of support, in developing a balanced plan, and in enlisting all classes of citizens in active participation, social welfare has become universally demanded and an indispensable requirement of modern life.

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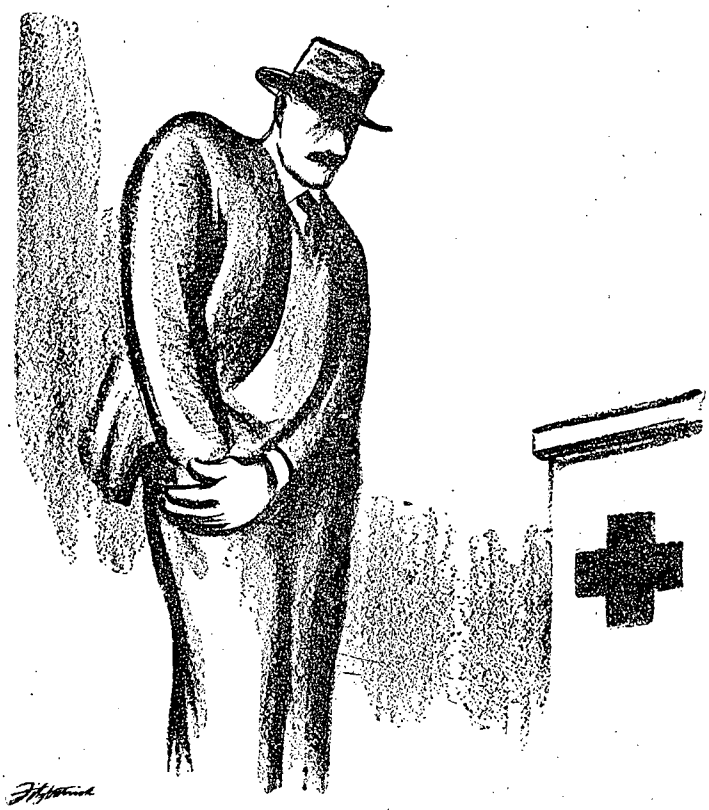
The Spirit of St. Louis

By J. LIONBERGER DAVIS

IN recent months much has been written and said of "The Spirit of St. Louis." That it is no empty phrase but a true expression of the ideals and ability of our people is proved by remarkable community accomplishments and by the determination that the tasks before us shall be done in the same spirit and in an adequate way.

Against the background of the World's Fair, the Pageant and Masque, the great outdoor Municipal Opera and a bond issue for large public investments, including plaza, street widening and public buildings, there is a picture of vivid color and dramatic interest. During the past six months the people of St. Louis have contributed $250,000 to study and control the smoke nuisance and $1,000,000 to finance the program of the Industrial Club for the study of industrial and commercial opportunities which the city possesses. During the same period the Red Cross quota of St. Louis for the relief of the great flood was oversubscribed and when the quota was doubled the response was the same. And now, just as the annual campaign for the Community Fund is about to begin, the tornado has devastated thousands of our homes and caused widespread distress. The Red Cross, adequately prepared, put its disaster relief plan into operation immediately. With the help of other agencies, many of which are members of the Community Fund, the emergency has been met; a fund of $500,000 was subscribed in five days and two days later it had reached about $750,000, without asking for assistance outside this community.



Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Digging Outside the Ruins

Many have wondered at the remarkable organization which began to function within three or four hours after the disaster. It was amazing to see the effective cooperation of agencies and their personnel, mobilized under the leadership of the Red Cross. And yet as we look backward we realize that the seed was sown in 1911 when the social agencies formed their Central Council which later became the Community Council. For over fifteen years a spirit and technique of cooperation has been developing and when the emergency came the community was organized, prepared and ready to function. If capacity to meet the unexpected is a true test of preparation and ability, St. Louis has met and is meeting that test. Surely the emergency through which we are passing has thrown into clear relief the picture of our community efforts to aid effectively those who are in distress.

During the next thirty days our people will be called upon for $1,850,000, which was the amount fixed for the goal of the Community Fund before the tornado disaster. The general chairman of the Community Fund Campaign has been for more than two years and is now the chairman of the Disaster Relief Committee of the St. Louis Chapter of the American Red Cross.

The aftermath of the present disaster will place burdens upon Community Fund agencies which will require the full financial support of our people. Those who are directing the campaign are heartened by the splendid response of our citizens to every call for sacrifice and service this year. They are confident that the Spirit of St. Louis will carry through the Community Fund Campaign so that the usual needs of our less fortunate neighbors can be met and the unusual burdens of our social agenices can be supported in so far as the generosity of our people will make possible. If the spirit of our people is aroused as it was during the World War the Community Fund Campaign will be carried "over the top" as have all other community efforts this year. We who live here believe in the spirit of St. Louis and go forward undaunted by disaster and assured of the ability and generosity of our people.

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The Man in the Street and the Chest

By T. J. EDMONDS

THE man in the street is everybody and nobody. He is a man who sees not a city but a few intersecting streets. He is about as well informed about social work as he is about the real issues of an election. But so long as he votes and is not voted, democracy is safe. And so long as he gives, with any degree of volition, through as intelligent a channel as the community chest, social work is safe. So out in the street I went to find out if he is a cheerful giver, an unwilling giver or a tight-wad, and why.

My first man was a lawyer, who breezed out of court where he had represented a wife who had sued for divorce because the husband objected to her playing bridge for money, thereby causing her to gain twenty-three pounds and lose her social standing. He offered the opinion that social work is not a profession and never can be; that a community chest is a sort of charity trust and resembles a combination in restraint of trade. He also mentioned overhead.

Lawyer number 2, a criminal lawyer, spoke solemnly and with unrelaxed countenance of red tape and delays in the administration of social service.

The third lawyer said: "I've had several years on the board of the Such and Such and I've learned that social work is a high-class service. It makes adjustments. It keeps people out of the domestic relations and criminal courts. It's a good thing for the creditor class, even if it does often deprive lawyers, judges and policemen of part of their excuse for existence."

My first doctor said he had treated so many patients free and was unable to collect his bills from so many others that he felt he did his share of charity work without giving cash. The second, a contributor, said that every physician ought to practice preventive medicine as well as curative medicine and ought to participate in public health movements which result in the decrease of death- and sickness-rates.

The third doctor said: "Social work is tarred with the state medicine idea and I don't like that, but I give anyway because I see so much sickness and poverty and know there must be a lot more I can't touch."

A dentist said: "I'd be a poor sport if I didn't give. These visiting nurses make a lot of business for us dentists."

A Rotarian said: "I give because service to mankind is Rotarian religion. Every self-respecting city ought to have a good community chest to take care of its poor and its sick. It ought not let any other city say it failed to do its duty by the unfortunates. It ought to have as few slums as possible. It ought to strive for the lowest infant mortality rate in the country. It ought to try to make itself a city of 100 per cent happy, self-supporting, home-owning citizens."

Recently I sat beside another luncheon club member. Between numbers of a concert given by a fifty-piece band we discussed the community chest. He said: "The only reason I give to the chest is to save my face. I deal with some of these men that are at the head of things and I have to come across for business reasons. I don't believe in the chest. Social work is too damned full of graft."

I said that this interested me, and asked him where the graft is. "Do the workers get away with any of it?" I inquired.

"I don't know about that," he said, "but what I mean is that nobody can get relief from the charities unless their names are on a card catalog. If they have been there before and are known and have been investigated and are pets of the organization they get help."

"How then do new cases arise?" I said.

"Well I don't exactly mean," he replied, "that no new cases can get help but they don't get it for a week or so and until after they have to stand for a long investigation."

"What about the employes?" I asked.

"Too much is spent in salaries. I suppose that a good investigator has to be a trained person and they have to be paid but the executive of the organization

Cromwell, in the Detroit Times

A Willing Victim

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doesn't need a salary, at least the kind of a salary she is getting. You can find plenty of volunteers who will work for nothing or for a very little who could run the institution satisfactorily."

Just then the band struck up again. At the conclusion of this selection he exclaimed: "By George, that director certainly knows his business!"

"Do you suppose he is a trained musician?" asked a man on the other side of us who had been listening in on the conversation.

I ASKED the next man I saw if he believed social workers graft. "Hell, no," he exclaimed, "you can tell they don't by looking at their dowdy clothes, their shabby homes, their rattly cars if any, and their poor table manners. They aren't grafters—they're just business failures who can't make good at anything else and have found a soft snap."

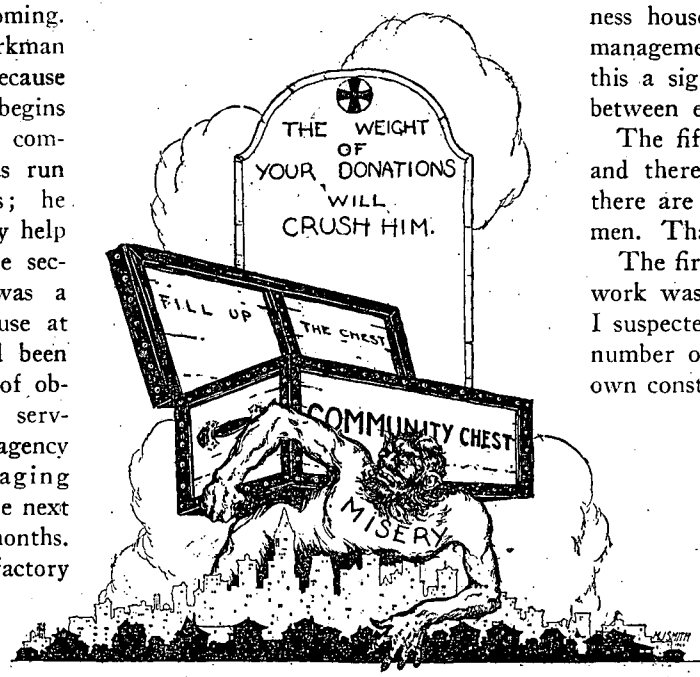
What the next man said can be found on page 386 of Elmer Gantry, which contains Sinclair Lewis's disingenuous attack on organized charity.

My most astounding interview was with a man—I won't reveal his business—who said he always signed a large pledge and then made no payments; that was easier and better business than refusing to pledge.

My first farmer paused in the process of milking a cow to remark that he couldn't give anything to anything until the McNary-Haugen bill was passed. The second farmer cast a sad eye at his corn field but said that he was convinced that the services of a county nurse had once saved the life of his child; so although he couldn't afford it he thought he ought to give something for that sort of work. He also remarked, with a slightly twinkling eye, that maybe the banker's family might some day need the services of the Social Service League.

The first salesman, who had spent his vacation in the Black Hills, insisted on discussing frigidaires to the exclusion of any comment on the community chest. The second salesman said he gave to the community chest because he had been "sold" on it. No other explanation was forthcoming.

The first workman refused to give because he said charity begins at home. The community chest was run by big business; he wasn't asking any help for himself. The second workman was a contributor because at one time he had been put in the way of obtaining medical services by a social agency without mortgaging his income for the next two or three months. The third, a factory workman, said it made him sore to have the foreman or the boss come around with a subscription list. If a committee of workmen did the begging it was all right.



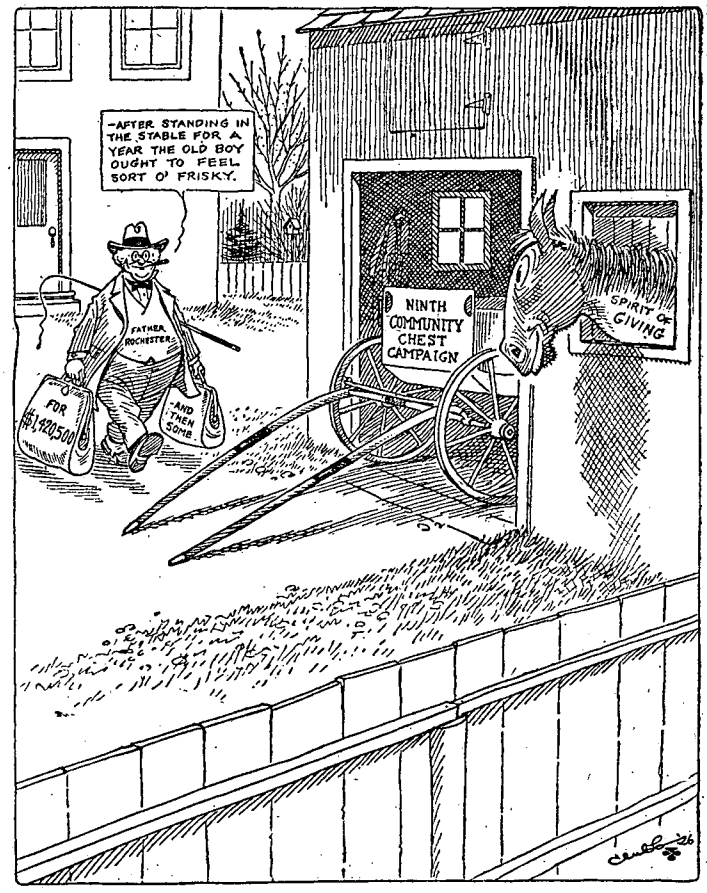
M. J. Smith, in the Cincinnati Enquirer

The End of Misery

The fourth, also a factory hand, said he did his bit because he noticed the boss coughed up a good-sized wad and he admired the boss; the boss was no fool, and if he gave the chest must be all right. On this point a team captain told me that the response from factories and business houses frequently reflected the attitude of the management toward the chest. He said he considered this a sign of the new and more friendly relations between employers and employes.

The fifth workman said: "I've got a regular job and there are a lot of fellows that haven't. And there are a lot of widows and orphans of workingmen. That's why I give."

The first preacher was inclined to think that social work was an unemotional proposition. The second, I suspected had a feeling that the chest reduced the number of agency appeals which competed with his own constant and necessary requests for money. The third preacher, who represented the vast majority of the ministry, supported the community chest first because he felt that way about it, having a naturally altruistic spirit, and second because his Bible is full of marked passages about giving and charity. The fourth was of that new type that comes to the ministry with a definite background of social service training—or at least social theory—and regards physical, economic, social salvation


-AFTER STANDING IN THE STABLE FOR A YEAR THE OLD BOY OUGHT TO FEEL SORT O' FRISKY.
FATHER ROCHESTER
AND THEN SOME
FOR $1,420,500
NINTH COMMUNITY CHEST CAMPAIGN
SPIRIT OF GIVING

John Scott Clubb, in the Rochester Times-Union

The Annual Spring Drive

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on the one hand and spiritual salvation on the other as complementary and equally necessary.

A frequent alibi offered by teachers was lack of sufficient income. Some stated the stock objections cogently. Others said they give "because a teacher has to do a lot of things to preserve his standing and perhaps his job." Mostly, however, they were givers because through their contact with children they possessed a rather clear idea of child-welfare problems.

Clerks and stenographers and other groups of economic status similar to teachers either did not give because they could not afford it or did give because while not so well informed as the teachers they felt that it was "a good thing and they were willing to have a share in it."

THE first reporter was inclined to be cynical. He had had experience with social workers who had no conception of news values. He also suspected that there is too much red tape about social work and some little hypocrisy. The second had covered a national conference of social work and visualized a community chest as a big, efficient and at the same time human community enterprise.

A reporter to whom I submitted the results of my investigations pointed out that nearly all of the objections made to the chest are criticisms of social work in general or of particular agencies. He analyzed the objections to the chest as compared with the older systems of independent agencies as follows: 1, The chest means extra administrative machinery and consequently more overhead; 2, The cost of collections is greater; 3, The designation scheme is a joke; 4, The chest perpetuates useless agencies or duplicating agencies which would die out if they had to live by competitive solicitation. On this point, however, he observed that the same reasons that perpetuate agencies in the chest would operate to perpetuate them outside and in the latter case for a longer period.

He said that although he didn't think much of chests and social work he judged they were necessary evils somewhat in the same sense that prohibition is a necessary evil in these days when everybody drives an automobile. If there were no social agencies there would be a repetition of the history of individuals asking businessmen for aid, there would be indiscriminate relief and there might be an alarming spread of preventable diseases. These community problems would lead to the formation of separate agencies to deal with them, then each agency would assault the businessman repeatedly by mail, tag days, drives and sob story solicitors and finally again the monthly or daily drive would drive the businessman into the organization of a chest, he said.

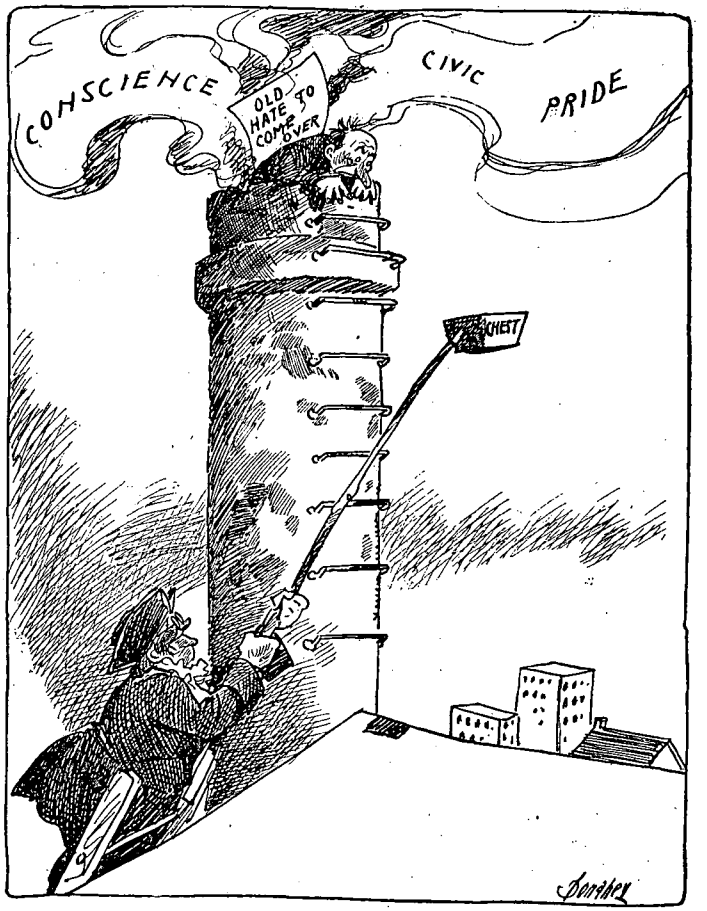
ONE well-to-do businessman declared that he would not give because there were several social work executives whose salaries were too high—one that he knew of drove around in a Ford and another owned his own home! There was too much overhead.

The next one said that social workers are technicians, a poor woman has to stand for long investigation before she gets a load of coal or a basket of food. If she is sick, she has to answer a lot of silly questions before she receives even first aid. Another businessman declared that relief agencies pauperize people, that they give to families with able-bodied men, that they encourage people in refusing jobs and that they give without proper investigation. Another said that social work interferes with the law of the survival of the fittest. It perpetuates weaklings. It is deteriorating the average stock of the community.

The fifth businessman said: "I like to think I give because I am a philanthropist. I suppose that is true. But there are some selfish practical reasons for giving through the community chest. When I want my lights fixed I call an electrician, when I want my appendix removed I go to a surgeon. So when I want my social service rendered I use a social agency. Even if I had sense enough to make a good investigation I wouldn't have the time. Then I don't like to have my feelings harrowed with a close-up of poverty or suffering. If there were no organized social work I wonder just how many unfortunates would make a direct appeal to me? If any did, I would feel a personal responsibility to look into the matter. I couldn't call up a number and have an intelligent young woman represent me and file a written report. The same thing applies to making subscriptions to different agencies if there were no chest. I would be the victim of constant appeals. I wouldn't have time to give adequate or intelligent consideration to their respective merits. I now rely on the chest to do that for me. In short, I support the chest because it is a time-saving, money-saving and thought-saving device."

This interview led me to conduct a little informal questionnaire among my acquaintances. I tried to ascertain:

1. What proportion of givers really understand social work? The answers ranged from zero to 5 per cent, the majority being nearer 0. That isn't as bad as it seems—try finding out how many of your car-owning friends know what a differential is, or where the clutch assembly lurks,



Donahey, in the Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Hoo, Hoo! Here I Am!"

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or how many can shift from high to second going down a mountain when their brakes refuse to work. I found that about 5 per cent could name 25 per cent of the agencies in the chest and that 10 per cent knew that the secretary of the chest is not secretary of the family service society. My "ask-me-another" was a flat tire, but illuminating.

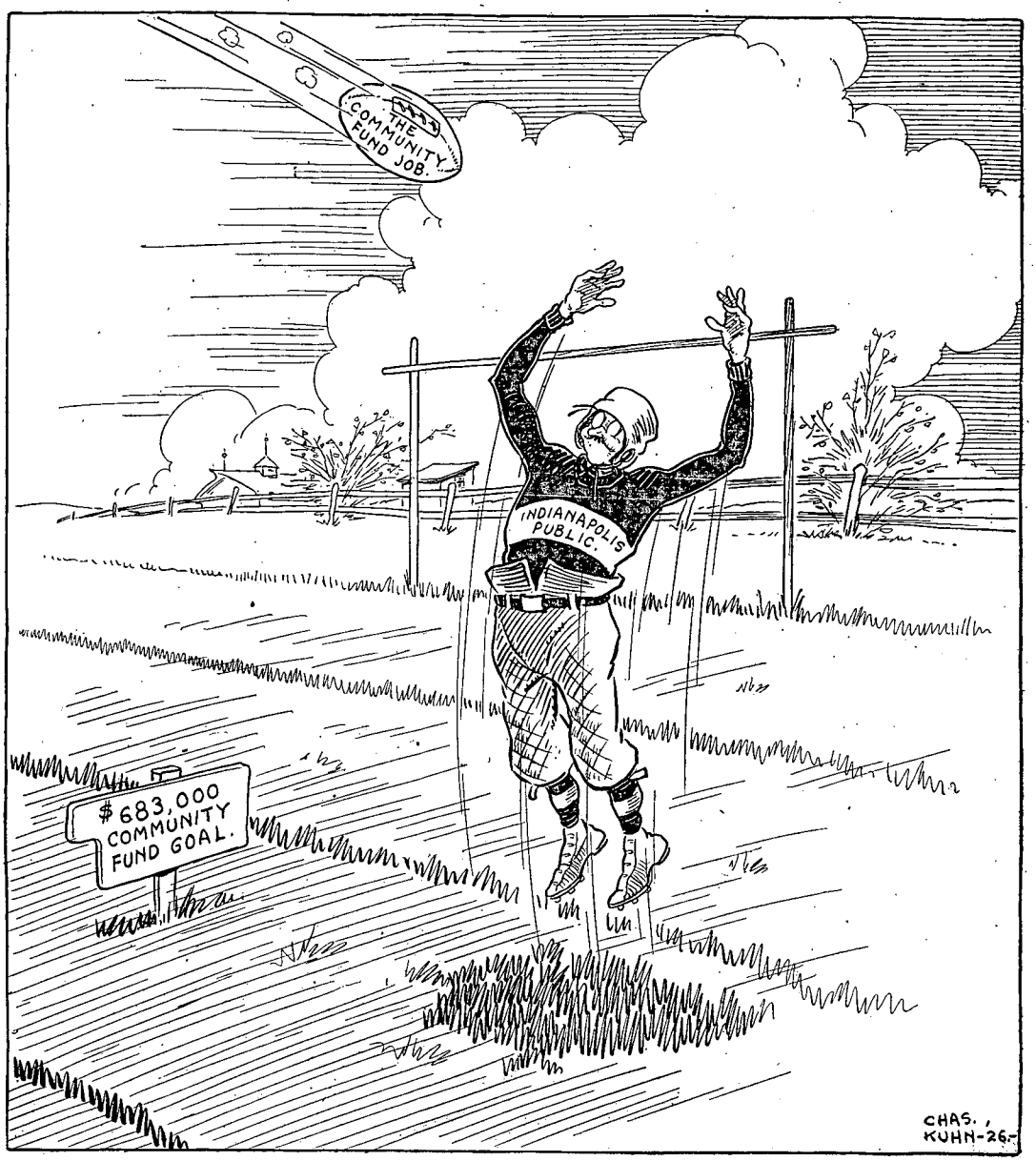
2. From 5 to 15 per cent had had some convincing personal experience with a social agency; one had a neighbor whose baby was saved because of the advice of a visiting nurse; one had referred a relief case and had received a satisfactory and fairly prompt report; one, an ex-service man, remembered with gratitude some experiences with the Salvation Army and the Knights of Columbus, the latter standing in his mind for certain Catholic charities that are in the chest.

3. From 20 to 80 per cent, it seems, like to give for sentimental reasons—they have the altruistic streak—they like humanity. The greatest sentimentalist is the business man. A human interest appeal gets to him more quickly than to any other group. This doesn't seem reasonable but it's true. His brusqueness is an eggshell and his mental protein isn't solidified. You know why it is conceded that women make better jurors than men.

4. From 15 to 95 per cent, if my informants are to be trusted, give for what we may call "the collateral reasons." Some of these are: everybody's doing it; it saves the trouble of a refusal, or an argument, or thinking; their sales resistance is poor; they are the victims of mob attack—it takes only three or two solicitors, especially if these are business acquaintances or fellow club members, to constitute a mob; giving through the community chest is an immunity bath against the case-appeal method either by the individual applicant or the agency; and finally, there is the whole gamut of reasons supplied by the fifth business man told of previously.

Of course these motives may be mixed with others. But what does it matter whether the main motive is selfishness, enlightened or egocentric, or altruism, uninformed or enlightened?

The social worker will say it does matter. If 1927 ends with December 31, 1927, it doesn't; if 1927 is a part of all the future years of an evolving civilization, perhaps it does.



Charles Kuhn, in the Indianapolis News

Now just keep your eye on this boy!

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Through Neighbors' Doorways

A Department Devoted to Affairs Commonly Called "Foreign"

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

SO RUSSIA is ten years old this month! Seems large for his age. Interesting child, even if most of the neighbors regard him as not quite housebroken, and do not care to have their own children play with him. How much he looks like his father! Acts like him, too. Wonder what he will grow up to be. Difficult to tell, at ten years.

SUPPOSE someone had come to you, say in 1912—only fifteen years ago—absurdly prophesying exactly what has happened since then. Suppose that upon your telling him to go away and occupy his mind with things more nearly related to actuality, he had said:

"Well, then, never mind the prophecy—take it as an hypothetical question. Oblige me by assuming that such things precisely did happen. World War, two revolutions in Russia, obliteration of the autocracy and of the Romanoffs with it, and all the rest of it. Would it take ten years for Russia under its new regime to get to be something fit to live with in the world?"

I do not know what you would have said, but I am sure I should have pontificated somewhat thus:

"In the first place, there couldn't be any World War. Even if one began, it wouldn't last sixty days—three months at the utmost. What is the Hague Peace Palace for, I'd like to know? The horror of such a catastrophe would revolt the soul of the world, and it would be stamped out immediately. In the next place, Russia is a great soggy mass of humanity, incapable of a real uprising. The grip of the autocracy, enforced by centuries of oppression and habit, upon the people, and particularly upon every means of transport and communication over an enormous area; the clutch of organized superstition upon the Russian mentality, are so complete that generations, even centuries, must elapse before any sort of emancipation could be possible. Remember 'Red Sunday' and the abortive revolution of 1907. Where are those people now? No, the old game must be played for a long time yet.

"But even if all these unthinkable things that your disorderly mind has managed to conceive should happen somehow; the autocracy be overthrown and something in the nature of self-government be instituted; there would have to be a long, long period of uproar, experiment, trial and error—mostly error. Nobody living would see more than the beginning of a beginning. I dare say there would be 'restorations,' perhaps other autocracies—remember what happened in France between 1786 and 1875—and whatnot else beyond sane imagining. Ten years? If something appreciably stable should emerge within a hundred years, or two or three hundred, for that matter, it would be the outstanding miracle of history."

WELL, the impossible did happen—as it usually does. In March, 1917, there were bread-riots in Petrograd. A community, a nation, quite as much as an army, marches upon its stomach. People anywhere will put up with almost any old kind of government so long as their stomachs are contented. The saturnalia of corruption in the government, perennially characteristic of despotism everywhere and always, not only had botched the war and wasted the lives of countless Russian soldiers—as it had done in every other war, back to the Crimea or as far further as you please to go—but it had produced hunger in Petrograd. "Worse than a crime, a blunder:" the primary requisite of military strategy is to keep well fed the capital city, locus of the national switchboard. But a thing happened worse than that. There had been bread-riots before, put down with a ruthless fist. This time, so far as I know the first in Russian history, the army balked; refused to fire upon the people. And instantly the magnificent ancient structure of autocracy fell to pieces like a house of cards. So frail is the underpinning of the fortress of authority—anywhere. The Romanoffs, for three centuries embodiment of absolutism, vanished as if they never had been, and the last of them were drowned in their own blood, as from the beginning countless thousands of their fellowmen had been drowned, in the Romanoff behalf. Nicholas II was their true symbol; upon assuming the throne in 1894 he had declared himself unequivocally:

"Let it be understood by all that I shall employ all my powers in the best interests of the people, but the principle of autocracy will be sustained by me as unswervingly as it was by my never-to-be-forgotten father."

Throughout his reign he lived up to that pledge. It is of the irony of fate that he and his luckless family were slaughtered at Ekaterinburg, in that gateway of the Urals through which in pursuance of that policy he and his forebears had sent to miserable exile in Siberia thousands upon thousands of Russia's best.

MALCOLM W. DAVIS, who was in Russia when the first overturn and the abdication of the Tsar took place, wrote to me exuberantly of the ebullition of enthusiasm with which the people sensed their freedom, breaking loose each after his fashion in the glory of what seemed the fulfilment of his wildest dreams. It was a great day for Brotherhood, for the immemorially oppressed; a very bad day for the tyrants little and large, left alone defenseless at the mercy of the vengeful victims upon whom they had feasted mercilessly, and amid the collapse of their own "established order of things."

It was a short-lived dream. Only from March to November. The brief space was full of tumult, as Kerensky and his colleagues, surrounded by elements charged with

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every sort of motive, tried frantically and in vain to bring order out of chaos—chiefly to keep Russia's disillusioned and completely demoralized army fighting in the war.

Out of the turmoil emerged the Bolshevik power—a new authority, no less brutal than the old; schooled, by long and bitter experience at the wrong end of the whip, in all its merciless cruelty. The "dictatorship of the proletariat," as exhibited in Russia since November, 1917, has been the legitimate child of despotism. In no essential respect has its technique differed from that which prevailed before. The old Third Section of the Russian Police, right arm of the vonPlehves and the Pobiedonostsevs, was succeeded by the no less ruthless Cheka. The omnipresent army of private spies and *agents provocateurs* changed its allegiance and to some extent its personnel, but the methods remained substantially the same.

And, oddly enough, the victims were to a great extent the same. Breshkovsky, "Little Mother of the Revolution," hunted and exiled under the Tsar whom she had conspired to destroy, after a little space during Kerensky's brief day of freedom and glorification, became under the Bolsheviki again the hunted—now classed as a counter-revolutionist! Again began that procession of Russia's best of constructive brains and character, to prison and exile and the place before the firing-squad; together with the most conspicuous of the dispossessed ruling classes.

I DO not recall that any of the folk now excited about Bolshevik outrages stayed awake o'nights or clamored for world ostracism or reprisals against Russia in the days when George Kennan was disclosing the frightful details of oppression under the Autocracy which Nicholas II solemnly vowed to continue; when, right up to his overthrow, it was marching a million people in ten years through those dread portals at Ekaterinburg. In those days quite as now there were arrests without charges upon whispered suspicion or none at all. Men and women disappeared without trace into the dungeons of SS. Peter and Paul and other living tombs whither many of their persecutors now have followed them. An atrocious business as well as a stark folly was that recent slaughter of "hostages"—far be it from me to excuse or extenuate—but it was no new thing in Russia. It was off the same piece with the atrocities of the French Reign of Terror and the bloody suppression of the Paris Commune of 1871; with the ruthless stamping down of Belgium under the German war machine; yes, and with the doings of "Hell-roaring" American brutality in the Philippine Island of Samar. I do not remember any surge of horror across the world over the butchery of "Red Sunday," January 22, 1906, when before the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg the Tsar's troops, Cossacks and police killed hundreds and wounded thousands of unarmed men, women and children who had marched there peaceably to petition their "Little Father" for redress of unendurable grievances suffered at the hands of his officials.

All these things were the characteristic expressions of irresponsible despotism. The history of Russia from time immemorial is that of the training of a people in the ways of despotism; which is the same thing whether exercised by royalty, by a conquering army, or by something pleased to call itself "the proletariat." Tyranny in any guise or under cloak of any form of highfaluting professions of pious intentions, is tyranny still, and it comes to grief sooner or later at the hands of its own pupils. In politics as in physics, it is the law that action and reaction are equal. The pendulum swings as far one way as the other. When the pendulum is swinging, it is bad business to be standing in the middle!

SUPPOSE, again, that you had been called upon in 1796 to venture an appraisal of the extremely youthful and then still dubious political experiment known as the United States of America—ten years old. It would have been only six years since the last of the original thirteen states (Rhode Island) had ratified the Constitution—by a margin of two votes. (New York likewise had had but two votes to spare in 1788.) Probably you would have crossed your fingers, said nothing and hoped for the best. Even now, after the lapse of nearly 150 years, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be"—one hears lugubrious voices about our fundamental institutions, our courts, our experiments in legislation, our tendencies generally. How then can we judge what Russia, still within the black shadow of its barbaric past, may become, on the basis of what has been happening in these few minutes of a history whose records antedate the Christian era? Of what significance is a tenth anniversary?

Russia has great things to contribute to the world. Not only things material out of her as yet undeveloped resources; but, still more, demonstrations political and economic—perhaps of failure, of things that can*not* be done—contributions spiritual. Not all of the brains of that great people have been blown out or starved out, or exiled, by the brutality and the mismanagement of either the old regime or the new. If this that we see were all, were the best that the Russian people can make of themselves, it would be a dismal thing—as dismal, let us say, as the government of Chicago by the choice of its free and enlightened voters is at this precious moment. We are seeing, let us say, the preliminaries leading up to "the beginning of a beginning."

Come around again, fifty or better still a hundred years from now. I shall be otherwise occupied, to be sure, but he who sits in my place will tell you, as I tell you now, that you must keep your sense of proportion and perspective, and wait.

WITH the same sort of patience we must wait upon China. Her historic background, and the mentality it has created, are very different from those of Russia. Essential communism, in the accurate sense of the word, may be suited to the Russian psychology, but not to the Chinese, which is, within the shell of the family group, naturally individualistic. I believe that the United States, as likely to become communist as Mohammedan, will do so sooner than China. The outstanding fact about China is that it is waking up. The fact is thrilling, not to say ominous.

Thirty years ago, in Chicago, a veteran American missionary to China said to me:

"Keep your eye on China. When—there isn't any if about it, for it is beginning now—western ideas and western facilities, especially western military facilities, get into China, you will see something happen. The first thing will be that the foreigner will have to get off China's back. Probably get off in a hurry. And in the end, China will put the rest of us to bed."

Vividly I remember that last phrase; it has been in my

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mind as I watch the waking-up of the Oriental giant and see him stretch and begin to stand erect among the peoples. The cords that have bound him are snapping one by one. I think they cannot be tied again. As I write, my eye is on a dispatch announcing that the Nationalist factions have got together. Chinese in Europe last spring told me that they would. The thing that unites them is their common intention to dislodge the foreigner and destroy forever the grip upon their country which the foreigner got with guns, in the day when China had nothing but stink-pots and horrendous masks with which to frighten their enemies. To them the various military leaders represent only the corrupt power that for years has sold them out to the foreigner.

Whatever the ups-and-downs of the measurably near future, in the end there can be but one result—China for the Chinese. That outside nation will have the earliest and most comfortable dealings with them which first, best and most fully recognizes that the new day has dawned.

IT SO happened that I was in Egypt, a mere sight-seeing tourist, in the winter of 1924, and stumbled into the excitement attending the elections for the first nominally representative parliament. It was not very representative—the method of election was decidedly indirect; care had been taken to buffer the revolutionary change—but it was a big contrast with old centuries, in which the people had had no more to say about their government than had the serfs in Russia under the autocracy.

Far up the Nile our steamer was pelted with mud by men and boys running along the bank, all shouting evidently opprobrious things, among them reiterated phrases which one came to recognize.

"What are they saying?" I asked of our dragoman.

"They are crying 'Viva Zaghlul!' and 'Egypt for the Egpytians!'"

"And who is Zaghlul?"

"He is the man who to them stands for 'Egypt for the Egyptians.'"

"But we are Americans; the American flag flies over this boat. What have we to do with Egypt?"

"They do not know the flag. You are foreigners, and to them all foreigners look alike. Be careful not to leave the boat." And after a moment he added:

"Even if they knew you were Americans, they still might curse you. They believe that your President Wilson promised them liberty; yet they still feel the British foot upon Egypt's neck."

Later in Cairo I saw a great procession of children with banners; every little while they shouted. Someone read the banners for me, and in one way and another most of them said the same thing that the children were shouting—the same thing that the crowds on the banks way up the Nile had shouted:

"Egypt for the Egyptians!"

And the others said the other thing:

"Viva Zaghlul!"

Zaghlul died the other day, but the thing that he embodied and worked for lives on. I think the greatest loser by his death was England, because, radical and uncompromising as Zaghlul was from England's point of view, he was, as the Manchester Guardian has said, "the only unifying pivot," and any settlement with England to which he put his name would have been honored by most Egyptians. Now the dealings must be with men less sure-handed, if not less honest. It is well enough to call Zaghlul "the Parnell of Egypt"; so he was; but beyond that the parallel is difficult, because it is too late in the day for England to do in Egypt what she was able to do in Ireland between the end of Parnell and the final surrender to the Irish Free State. It is an old situation, of being willing to do today things which would have been accepted gladly ten years ago but are now too late.

AN IRISHWOMAN said to me years ago a thing that ever since has been ringing in my ears:

"No man has any right in another man's country with a gun on his shoulder!"

Any time you please, back through the years since the twelfth century, Great Britain might have done, granted the wisdom and willingness, what at last she had to do in recognizing—'twas hardly granting—Ireland's right to freedom and installing her as a full-fledged member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It would have saved a sea of blood and the slowly-dying heritage of brotherly hate.

Now Ireland is struggling into a national self-consciousness, retarded by the accumulation of ill-will, ignorance, poverty, starvation of intellectual and spiritual power, inseparable from the conditions of tyranny and exploitation under which Ireland has been living all these centuries. She is coming through very fast, in all the circumstances; but to see what Ireland may make of herself, acquiring first that vastly handicapped thing, a real sense of national unity, then gathering speed as a national entity at once confronting and cooperating with the rest of the world, we must wait, remembering that she had to start a good deal back of scratch.

NATIONALISTIC spirit may be deprecated; should be when in practical relationships it exhibits itself as mere truculent chauvinism. Bad manners obstruct fellowship, among nations as among individuals. Again, if what we are seeing now in the world marked any kind of finality, we might well be sad. But the crowned heads, who used to regulate the Neighborhood, are mostly gone, and we are in the beginning stages of self-consciousness. In Russia, after chaos succeeding oppression, is building something out of nothing; experiment without experience. In China, turmoil of internal strife accompanies determination to get a square deal among the nations. India, hardly ready for any action because so heterogeneously devoid of any common purpose, is more than stirring in sleep. The list could be made longer, but need not.

As Edward S. Martin remarks in the October Harper's, "the white races are not running so much to arrogance as they were. They show a new humility." All over the world the slogan rises dangerously: "Every country for its people!" The irresponsible rule of the sword, especially the foreign sword, is petering out, and the day of man-to-man, face-to-face relationship on the neighborhood basis, is surely at hand.

In the League Assembly, too, there was striking evidence of disposition on the part of the Little Fellows to call bluffs and brush aside ancient bunk; to demand that there be either fulfillment or an end of fine-sounding words in the mouths of those who hitherto have proudly worn the spurred boot.

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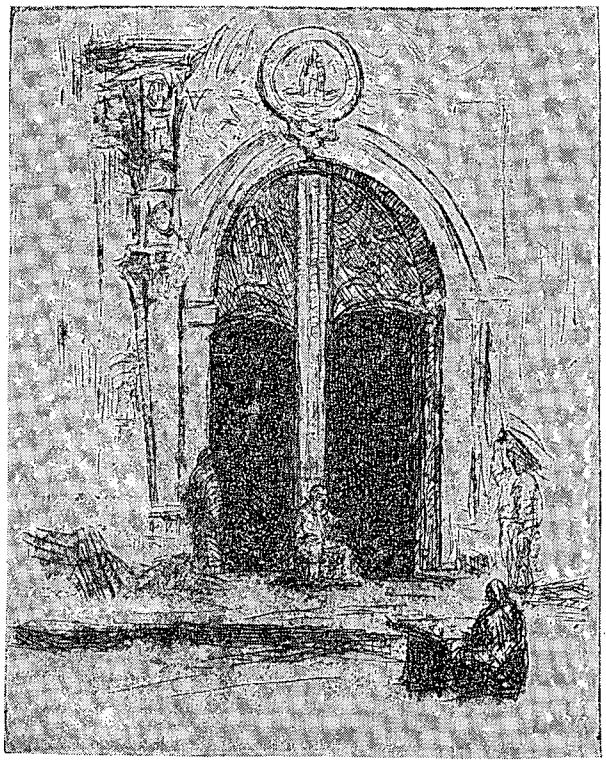
A Hull-House Boy in Mexico

Etchings by

MORRIS TOPCHEVSKY



Doorway of La Santisima

Tortilla Shop

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Siesta

THE desire of the Mexican people, as expressed by Mexico's greatest artist in the May, 1924, issue of the Survey Graphic, bears repeating after three years. It is, said Diego Rivera, "for a richer and more eloquent life, freedom to flower from within; for a life in which every man shall be both artist and worker, and above all a liberated human being." The etchings on these pages, and many oils, watercolors and drawings, bear witness that a nation's freedom and urge to flower overflow its boundaries and fertilize other territories. They are the work of Morris Topchevsky of Chicago, once a Hull-House boy, now instructor in the art classes there, who is still working at his trade of sign-painter whereby he earned his way through the Art Institute. Topchevsky credits The Survey's special issue on Mexico, A Promise, for directing him to that country. Several recent exhibitions in Chicago give evidence of his two prolific years there. He sketched, learned Spanish and unfamiliar mores, and was stimulated by the old and new cultures that present-day Mexico is harmonizing.

Rivera, who in less than four years has covered vast expanses of plaster in the public buildings with intricate compositions, still has time to be a school of art in himself. Younger artists gather in his home until midnight. He welcomes them beside him on the scaffold while he works. He seemed to Topchevsky "calm and unassuming, like a giant oak that has weathered many storms and which no wind could move."

Rivera's frescoes of Tehuantepec drew Topchevsky from Mexico City southward. With no money to travel, he painted his way, paying his inn bill with a portrait, selling here and there to new friends. An exhibition in Mexico City provided him with funds to return home. Thus Mexico spread out her riches to this new type of adventurer from the States.

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EDITORIALS

IN a way it's a pity that the Mississippi is no longer the boundary between us and the French or the Spaniards, for if the old frontier still held, the work needed along the river would become a matter of national defense, to be undertaken at any cost with general public approval. As it is today, the Mississippi and its floods must be thrown into the boiling pot of river and harbor appropriations and compete with the plans of those who would further reduce taxes while we get on with paying for the War. It would be a relatively cheap thing to meet only the pressing needs of the lower Mississippi through building more and better levees and opening some emergency spillways, a costly thing to do what ought to be done—save our water-power, our dwindling forests and our top-soil while holding back the floods. Yet in the long run the expensive plan will be the cheaper. Gifford Pinchot urged in Survey Graphic for July that "government storage reservoirs, developing electricity to be sold by the government for distribution by others, will pay the bill." In this issue, Professor J. Russell Smith puts forward a plan for controlled flooding of the bottom lands which would deposit a fertilizing silt worth, he estimates, a quarter of a billion dollars a year through increased yield of food and cotton. This is not the dream of a college professor sitting pretty among his books. It has been done successfully on a small scale in Louisiana, nature did it on a great scale along the Nile from before the time of the Pharaohs, and in Mesopotamia it is older than Nebuchadnezzar. River and harbor work has paid in America. General Jadwin, chief of the Army Engineer Corps, recently told the Ohio Valley Improvement Association that $160,000,000 invested in harbors and connecting channels of the Great Lakes had paid 100 per cent dividends, chiefly in reduced freight rates. The Ohio River improvement returned a net saving of $25,000,000 in transportation costs in one year, the Monongahela has paid its improvement bill and earned a surplus of $100,000,000 in twenty-seven years. That is good business for the nation.

What Congress may do about flood control will depend upon its choice between the short or the long view of the situation: whether the objective is to cage floods or to conserve water-power, forests and soils, with improved transportation and protection of the bottom lands thrown in for good measure. The distress of the South and the confident opinion of the Mississippi River Commission have limited public interest heretofore to the more pressing need and the smaller operation. Yet, as the National Flood Prevention and River Regulation Commission points out: "Engineering is an exact science. There will be agreement among the engineers the moment they are told what objectives they are to seek, and not before." That is, they may be called on to make a plan for treating the drainage of 41 per cent of the United States as an invaluable national asset, or a plan merely to keep the Delta above water.

Here is a challenge to our age of science—to tame the last great wild thing in North America and make it serve those whom it would destroy.

THERE is a degree of encouragement for the advocates of a national policy of water conservation in the President's address at the opening of the annual convention of the American Red Cross. What he said of flood control was an example of Mr. Coolidge's economy, for it was just two brief sentences in length. But it implied at least storage reservoirs in addition to levees and spillways: "We propose to solve the problem of flood control so such a situation may never again have to be met. In the solution we shall advance our system of inland waterways."

A rounded program will be put forward at the convention of the Mississippi Valley Association, November 13-14, at St. Louis. Its ten points are: the building of levees upon all rivers where, in the judgment of the Army engineers, protection is necessary; construction of spillways; building of reservoirs; building of storage basins; reclamation of swamp land; reforestation of denuded areas; improvement and use of all our navigable rivers; further improvement and development of our ocean and Great Lakes harbors; building of dams for hydro-electric power to aid navigation; development of hydro-electric energy to be economically distributed.

Their program, the association states, includes the principal features of Mr. Hoover's plan for development of the water resources of the country and it can be successfully carried out in ten years by an annual government expenditure of one hundred million dollars—a total of one billion dollars—against the present expenditure of ten millions yearly for levees alone. Lurking in the background is the Treasury surplus of six hundred millions at the close of the government's fiscal year last June.

THE Red Cross convention was naturally more concerned with disaster relief work than with any other item of its program. Reports were made by President Coolidge, Secretary Hoover and James L. Fieser, vice-chairman of the Red Cross. But the Mississippi flood was only one of seventy-seven disasters during the year on which report was made, in which the Red Cross bore the largest

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part in relief work. The Mississippi funds finally reached seventeen million dollars, which will be sufficient to carry on until January 1. But only three million dollars of this was used during the fiscal year ended June 30, out of a total of twenty million dollars given by the American public for disaster work. The Florida tornado alone called for an expenditure of over four and one-half million dollars for 24,000 families. Tornadoes kill and maim where floods wet and rot. Witness Florida, which required the services of 350 Red Cross nurses against only 200 scattered over the whole Mississippi Delta; and the St. Louis twister of last month, which in five minutes killed nearly half as many people as did the flood during its two months.

The National Red Cross has now three million adult members and six million youngsters in its Junior Department. Mr. Fieser feels that it has reached rock bottom in the shrinkage since the War and that from 1927, with the great prestige of its flood work, it may expect to grow steadily. He said, "We have learned how to retail some of our services in a very effective manner. We are now beginning to approach the day when we must be prepared to wholesale them." He mentioned particularly first-aid work, life saving, and the instruction in home hygiene and care of the sick which is being successfully introduced now into industrial establishments as well as schools and colleges. Its intimate association with the Army has made the working out of a satisfactory peace-time program perhaps more difficult for the Red Cross than for other national social agencies. But 1927 sees the program well on its way.

WITH the memory in men's minds of the Diaz regime, settling down as the years went on from idealism to tyranny, it is natural that the question of the presidential succession in Mexico should be an issue as prickly as a cactus. Our third-term issue is no more than a mullen stalk by comparison. The flare-up of civic strife at the Mexican capital in October is the third recent episode centering on the single term of the presidency. It will be remembered that Carranza endeavored to hand his mantle down to Bonillas. General Obregon took to the field, ousted his old chief, and was himself elected. Toward the end of Obregon's term, before his mantle passed to his colleague, Calles, de la Huerta insurged. This time the administration was strong enough to hold its own. Again elections are in prospect. The party in power would have Calles' mantle return next July to the broad shoulders of Obregon. Serrano and Gomez were opposition candidates. They took to the field; and this time the administration has proved itself so firmly in the saddle that revolt has been squelched before it was fairly unlimbered.

Outside reviewers are bound to read meanings into these events in line with their own attitude toward the policies with which the Obregon-Calles regimes have been associated. Their program of economic reconstruction and racial revival, their challenge to foreign interests, their break with the church, their notable achievements and their excesses, are for better or worse crystallizations of the ten years of civil war, the hundred years of revolution, through which the Mexican people have slowly been endeavoring to become masters in their own house. The struggle is still in process; the banner of the new day has its seamy side no less than its flaming colors of aspiration. With vast numbers of illiterates, heritage of the old misrule, civil government is still sketchy; elections are dominated by the party in power; insurrection offers its alternative to those who can muster disaffected followings, or meet the payrolls of peon recruits. There are those who charge that the whole machinery of the Calles government was being thrown to support Obregon's candidacy; that its "influence exercised illegally in the national congress and in the state legislatures," alone secured the ratification of the constitutional amendment which permits a former president, who, like Obregon, has been out of office for one term, to be a candidate again. There are those who go further and claim that the old trick of letting a captive try to escape in order to shoot him had its counterpart in the treatment of Serrano and Gomez, that they were practically forced to flee for their lives, and then run down as rebels.

This last charge does not altogether fit in with the reports of garrisons and commands in mutiny. Nor does it dovetail with the forecasts made by keen American observers in recent months, that there would be outbreaks before the elections. Those who support the administration urge that if Mexico is to be saved the turmoil of successive internecine wars, it must break with resorts to force, and hew to the line of civil change. Otherwise the gains of the struggle toward self-government will be unravelled. In his policy toward Latin America, Wilson, it will be remembered, made this the touchstone of recognition. More, they protest that the very speed and severity with which this uprising has been scotched in its infancy has saved countless lives.

It is to be hoped that their contention is the right one and that this October has called a halt to habitual reachings for the sword to settle political issues in Mexico. At the same time, the numerous executions are not easy to extenuate. This is a different matter from the worsting of combatants in the field. This is the sort of thing the world got callous to during the War. This sort of thing and worse we associate with Black Italy, Red Russia, White Hungary. If Mexico resorts to courts martial and shootings at dawn when disloyalty is afoot, it has the sanction of history. Read C. E. Montague's Rough Justice for its psychopathic picture of the assistant provost marshall at G. H. C., and how his job seared him. It is not for the older and stronger powers to condemn too lightly their pupil still in the throes of achieving orderly government and believing, no less, that the very life of the state is at stake.

But the situation is not so simple as that. These were political as well as military leaders. The new Mexico is engaged in a civil rather than a military adventure. Its watchwords are liberty, freedom, justice. It can gather precedents for executions of this sort by thumbing the bloody pages of history, but it cannot gain friends by repeating them, nor by so doing fortify the principles of its revolution. Had Diaz or Huerta been in power, and these things were done to those who bearded them, we would have said the deed fitted the man and the hour. But people have been hugging the thought of a new day in Mexico. Killing malcontents will not preserve any regime indefinitely. It is congenial to tyranny. It has been taken over with brutal zest by the new dictatorships. But it is to be doubted if it proves more efficacious at their hands in the long run than at those of an old order clinging to its power.

The durability of the gains of the Mexican revolution—

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the schools, the health measures, the recovery of land by the common people, the conservation of natural resources, the resurgence of native culture, the unfolding of a suppressed people—these things might have been jeopardized by the success of an armed revolt at this time. But they will not be made secure until an electoral structure is fabricated which will afford a political group an honest alternative to force in achieving its civil and religious rights. If the sequence of Obregon, Calles, Obregon gives this, along with their program of social reconstruction, then in truth they will be men of the Mexican dawn.

Meanwhile, there is yeast of promise for Mexico's outside relationships in the appointment of Dwight W. Morrow as ambassador from the United States. As capitals go, Mexico City is one of the lesser ones; but as a fulcrum for the goodwill of a hemisphere, it is unmatched. Here is a vantage point from which a new front can be envisaged in our relations with all Latin America—one of fellowship and understanding, at once liberal and realistic. It is perhaps natural that the appointment of a member of a great New York banking house should provoke skepticism in some quarters. They do not know the man. On the other hand, the fact that he is a member of Survey Associates and a contributor to the Founders Fund of the Graphic, may lead readers to take with a pinch of salt our augury of promise. Keen of mind, he faces facts. He loves to talk things over. He wants to know the other side: he has the rare gift to see and occupy the other fellow's point of view. With no ready-made outfit of conventional prejudices, he goes to Mexico to help straighten out the tangle of relationships, too much bedevilled by a long period of the other sort of attitude. Somebody, some time, will begin the reconstruction of our unhappy relations with Latin America. Perhaps it will be Morrow—he has the right kind of disposition and the right kind of brains.

Not only has Mr. Morrow a rare blend of qualities to act as spokesman for the United States to Mexico, but as interpreter of Mexico to the government and people of the United States. What he says will carry, where the say-so of a man without his experience and standing would be met with easy discount in high quarters, should it run counter to dominant views. The value of his services will be considerably conditioned by their duration. It would be a tragedy should he begin the much needed work of conciliation and practical adjustment and then withdraw. The assumption that Mexico with him may be a stepping-stone to other and higher posts has been expressed. Unquestionably such posts have been open to Mr. Morrow at any time he cared to leave business life for public service. His acceptance of the Mexican post was, we take it, a clear recognition that here lies one of the great tasks of his generation, with difficulties thicker than honors, big with potentialities, and worth wrestling with to his uttermost.

A LAW prohibiting strikes or lockouts is more likely to intensify industrial conflict than to settle it; but governmental intervention in industrial disputes is often effective if it brings both sides together, to work out a clear and complete picture of a given situation and to devise a solution for the problems it presents. These are among the conclusions of a 400-page report on Postponing Strikes, just published by the Russell Sage Foundation, based on a study made by Ben M. Selekman of the efforts to prevent strikes in Canada from 1907 to 1925 under the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act. The new report supplements a similar study made by the same investigator about ten years ago.

The Disputes Act, which became a law in March, 1907, "prohibits under penalty the declaration of a strike or lockout in public utility industries and in mines until a report on the dispute has been made by a board of conciliation and investigation." Two years ago the act was declared *ultra vires* (unconstitutional) by the Lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council (see The Survey, March 1, 1925, page 700). The report summarizes the efforts made both by the Dominion government and by the provincial governments to salvage the act and re-establish it on a constitutional basis.

During the eighteen years following the passage of the act, 640 applications were made for boards of conciliation and investigation; 536 cases were handled under the act; 421 boards were actually constituted, and well over half their reports were unanimous. Of the 536 disputes, 473 occurred in public utility industries. In over 90 per cent of these cases a strike was averted or ended. During the same period, however, there occurred 425 strikes in public utilities in which the act was completely ignored. In coal mining from 1907 to 1925, slightly more than 40 per cent of all working days were lost through strikes. In view of the fundamental economic problems in this industry Mr. Selekman raises the question whether it is "fair to regard the recurrent strikes in coal mining in Canada as evidences of the failure of the Disputes Act."

In estimating the significance of this Canadian experience for the United States the report states that

> the chief value of conciliation seems to lie in the fact that it enables those intervening in an industrial dispute to take a realistic view of the situation at hand. Not called upon to make a final decision on the basis of abstract justice, conciliators can seek in each controversy that solution which will best resolve the conflict under consideration. Moreover, conciliation places upon the shoulders of employers and employes the responsibility for arriving at an amicable settlement. . . . Finally, Canadian experience demonstrates the futility of compulsion as compared with conference and negotiation, under government auspices, between management and men.

A SIGNIFICANT fact developed by Mr. Selekman is that since 1916, when he published his first report on the Canadian experiment, organized labor in the Dominion has shifted from opposition to cordial support of the law. In the United States the attitude of the unions remains hostile. They fear the grant to a governmental agency of even limited coercive power. But the absence in the States of a continuing public agency with power to delay strikes and lockouts through conciliation, does not protect them from the prohibitions of the injunction, where legalistic precedent tends to interfere with the growth of the realistic attitude which Mr. Selekman finds to be one of the most valuable fruits of the Canadian law.

A striking example of this tendency is the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of the Bedford Cut Stone Company against the Journeymen Stone Cutters' Association reviewed in The Survey for May 15

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(page 203). A similar case is that of certain manufacturers of trim against the United Brotherhood of Carpenters, which has been in process of litigation in Massachusetts since 1916. In pursuit of their legitimate purpose of improving working conditions, the officers of the union secure agreements with certain manufacturers of building materials. These manufacturers then call upon the union to protect them against the competition of non-union employers. The union's most effective means for complying with this reasonable demand is to instruct their members in the building trades not to work on material bought of non-union manufacturers. Immediately the non-union manufacturers seek an injunction on the ground that such practice on the part of the union tends to create a monopoly in restraint of their legitimate trade and is an unlawful conspiracy to deprive them of the legitimate rewards of a lawful business. Here is a head-on collision between two trains of legal precedents —the right of manufacturers to conduct a lawful business without interference and the right of the union to organize all members of its craft and to take all reasonable means to improve the wages and working conditions of its members—which the courts have been vainly striving for eleven years to clear up. In the meantime the threat of injunction has tended to fix an attitude of hostility between the contending parties and to make them incapable of dealing with their problems in the realistic spirit which a continuing public agency for conciliation might have created. The Massachusetts case is illustrative of a virulent disease which has plagued the building industry of the entire country for a generation and for which neither the industry nor the state legislatures have found a cure. Mr. Selekman's study of the Canadian experiment shows that our neighbors to the north have a good deal to teach us on this subject.

LAST fall the "floating university" set sail from New York, carrying some four hundred young men and women from secondary schools and colleges, with a corps of teachers, advisers, dieticians, doctors and nurses, in an attempt to combine a year of study with a year's voyage around the world (see The Survey, October 1, 1926, page 42). At the last moment, a group of middle-aged and elderly "student tourists" were permitted to join the expedition. As with many new and complex undertakings, all was not smooth sailing. Especially were problems of discipline unexpectedly difficult to handle. Those in charge of the scheme hoped to make the "university afloat" an annual event. They refused, however, to go ahead with plans for a second cruise until the first was completed and they had had a chance to profit by that experience. Accordingly, it was not until well into the commencement season that a second cruise was announced, this time limited to 375 men students. Only college men and a few mature preparatory students were to be accepted. It was felt that the elimination of co-eds and tourists would make the second venture less "difficult" than the first. The time left for enrolling and organizing the second cruise, however, was not sufficient for the undertaking, and it has been postponed till the fall of 1928.

The floating university is not endowed. Unlike most other non-public colleges, its expenses must be met by its tuition and fees. The decision of its directors to postpone the cruise, rather than accept students whom they considered ill fitted to profit from the voyage or likely to embarrass their fellows by their lack of self-respect and self-control, gives new faith in the venture as an educational rather than a commercial enterprise. Press reports of some of the episodes of the first cruise were not encouraging to faith in a successful working out of what, in theory, stirs the imagination with its possibilities for vital and colorful educational experience. The care with which the second cruise is being arranged offers ground for hope that after all the floating university may make possible real adventure for groups of fortunate young moderns eager to know their world.

THAT the bettering of marriage may be as important an advance during the next fifty years as the gain in public health has been in the past fifty was the prophecy which Mary E. Richmond brought before the Conference on Family Life in America in Buffalo early last month. The salient findings of that conference, which was called by the American Association for Organizing Family Social Work to celebrate the half century since the founding of the Buffalo Charity Organization Society, will form the matrix of the special issue of Survey Graphic for December on The Adventure of Family Life.

The physicians, Miss Richmond pointed out, built their health edifice on the solid stones of discovery and many-sided organization. At their doors they found great outstanding evils and great possibilities. They attacked the one to develop the other. What they learned in their field laboratories they applied. If the liberty of the individual to acquire and to spread disease stood in their way, they curtailed it. The early leaders could not see the end from the beginning, yet as we now look back we see that each step followed inevitably on the preceding one. Many of the subjects earnestly discussed at the first conventions on public health now no longer need be considered, for their problems have been solved. Miss Richmond continued:

> As we face another set of conditions today, conditions surrounding the founding of new families, they seem to us at some points quite as unhappy as the health situation of fifty years ago. America will need for this task a courage just as high, a spirit of cooperation just as broad, if she is to do more than play at being socially minded.
>
> Physicians were the foreordained leaders in the conquest of disease. Similarly, in a marriage reform movement, leadership will probably belong to those who are already responsible for our formulated marriage policies. These are the legal fraternity, the clergy, the lawmakers, the administrators of the marriage law, the women's organizations of the country, certain of the scientists, and the social workers. No one can say now which one of these groups will be the dominant factor in marriage reform, but each group has something to contribute which the others have not. There must be no watertight compartments between them. Each can contribute its characteristic differences to that common stock of insights through which—without a thought of who is to get the credit—there is finally to be achieved as great an advance in marriage reform, and through marriage reform in social well-being, as we are now achieving in the field of public health.

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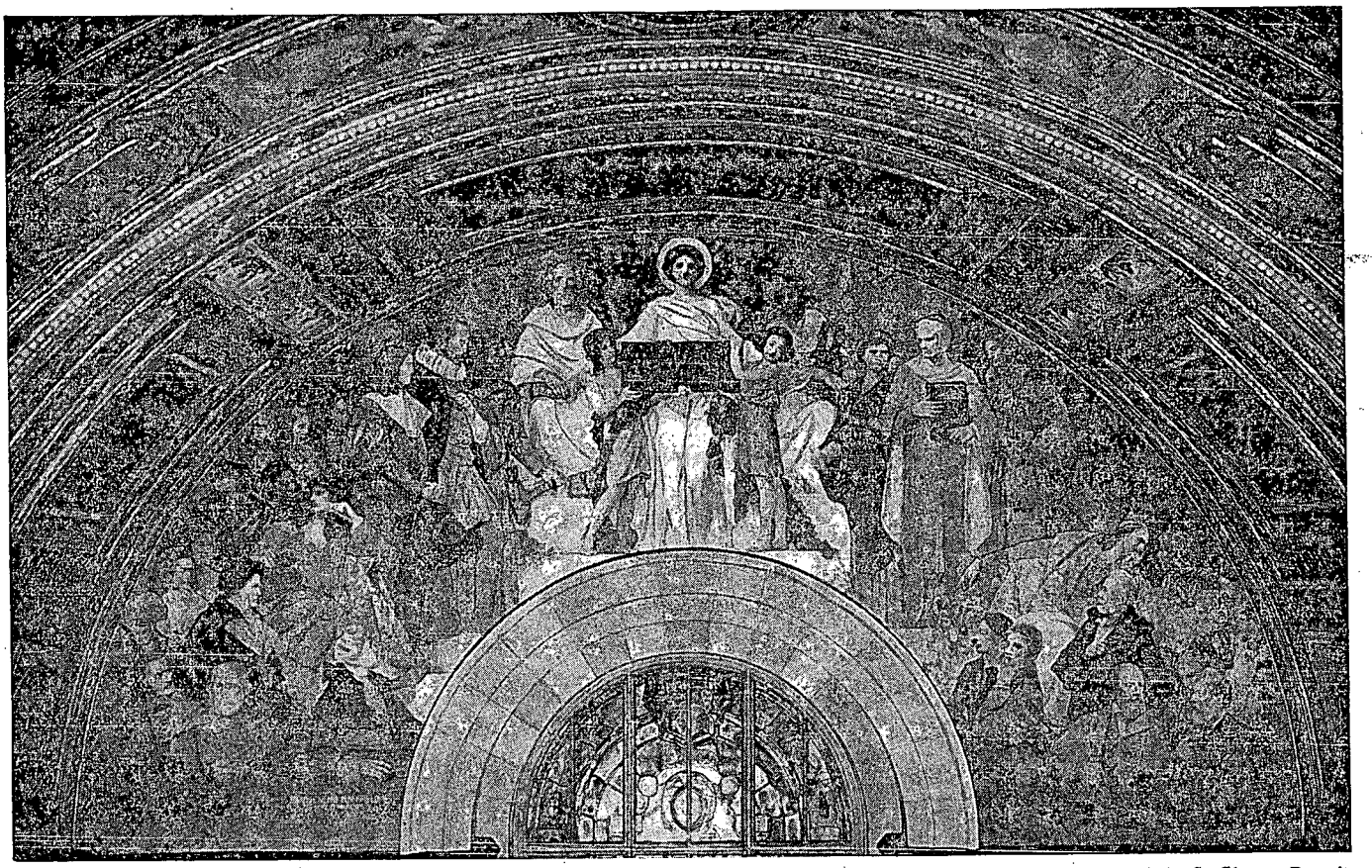

Photo by L. S. Glover, Detroit

Poetry, a mural by Edwin Blashfield, in the Detroit public library

Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

The Life-Writers

BIOGRAPHY means in the Greek roots, life-writing. Now life-writing whether one's own or another's is a delicate and responsible task; moreover, the reading of lives is a mode of education in psychology and history as well as a fascinating entertainment for our human curiosity. Therefore, declares James Johnston, it is high time that we sought some standards for life-writing, and set up criteria to distinguish between good and bad biography. Chairs of biography have been established at Dartmouth and Wittenberg Colleges, and Dr. Richard C. Cabot at Harvard has been teaching from lives. The populace is avid for printed gossip, and richly rewards authors who dis-pedestal our images, reveal secrets and intrigues, and parade one-time heroes as scandalous specimens of human frailty. The Hall of Fame is like to become a catch-penny arcade, catering to the transient lewd. To recall the ancient lineage of biographical writing, to note its aims and duties, to define its kinds and give their marks, and finally to proclaim that life-writing demands art and ethics as well as the huckster's instinct for tickling the common palate—these are the purposes of this volume, Biography, wherein Mr. Johnston offers a chart of this almost *terra incognita* in the realm of letters.

The interest in lives, says this historian, is as old as the race. Even the myths were a form of biography; and the end of such writing was to set up ideals and preserve morals. The father of biography, Plutarch, wrote his Lives to inspire and guide the young. But biography, like all other things human, has become more and more concerned with the inside of a man. Christianity succeeded myths and Old Testament heroes; the soul became as important as the deed. Thus came the Confessions of St. Augustine, the Vita Nuova of Dante and the long line of self-analysts through Rousseau, Cardinal Newman with his Apologia to that tortuously woven masterpiece, The Education of Henry Adams. The

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"I Confess" story is no modern invention. Similarly the life-writer became interested in telling how he fitted into his age, and we have the Memoirs and their cousins, the Diaries. Cellini and Casenova revealed their naughtiness, Evelyn and Pepys recorded the minutiae of their daily rounds. Next, great writers, feeling that both the chronological record, the *curriculum vitae,* and the introspective personal diary, were incomplete in themselves, invented the literary portrait that tried to combine events and motives, personality and background into a rounded study of the man. So we have Froude's Caesar, Pater's Imaginary Portraits, and the great crush of modern lives of which perhaps Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria is the prime exemplar. Last of all is the modern psychological study in which the author or the man himself seeks to interpret a life as a shadowy complex of heredity, environment, childhood experience, sexual struggles, obscure urges and inhibitions. Here men are pursued into the subconscious by that pitiless detective, Psycho-Analysis. The recent lives of Poe and Hawthorne and the self-studies of Sherwood Anderson are of this kind.

This is a hint of some of the meat in Mr. Johnston's book. It is bigger than its own interest in schoolmaster's categories and definitions: for what could be more pitiful and inspiring than the blind efforts of the human race to tell each other and new generations about themselves? I feel that the author does not quite realize the possible drama in his theme, and is rather more interested in the topography of his field than in its inhabitants. But he does stand firm for what seems to me the main point; to wit, that biography is the art of revealing an individual and his unique personality in relation to his times. It is not history, or scandal, or a day's work, or the inside story of great events by participants. It is a bitter struggle to give the man himself as an autonomous fleshly creation of the *élan vital.* We are finally interested because in this other human we may somehow understand ourselves.

That is why the chapter on the ethics of what to tell and what to censor in life-writing will seem somewhat conventional to modern readers. The author declares for nothing but the truth, but not truth as mere gossip unless it plays a clear part in delineating personality. He would omit "the unhappy penumbra" of Poe's life, and be chary in the use of diaries and letters. But where draw the line, we ask, when our new *materia biographica* includes a man's childhood memories, his dreams, his phobias, even his spasms and slips? Why worry about reticence on his love affairs when we are eagerly pawing into the very essence and fire of his love itself? For the student of the human, nothing is alien. We cannot trust too much to some literary entrepreneur. But the exploitation of a man's lapses by commercial scandal-peddlers is quite another thing, and we approve the author's righteous castigation.

Mr. Johnston misses one thing: first, that most of us do not read lives for historical knowledge or moral discipline. We read them for fun, for good gossipy scandal is fun. Inspiration and education are incidental. They come not consciously but because jealousy keeps us comparing ourselves to our hero, and we are just mean enough to enjoy seeing him fall in the mud, for that is where most of us already are. This is the wisdom of the scandal-monger, and explains why the present style in life-writing is a paradox. It chooses for subject one whom people have accepted as extraordinary in soul or deeds; then it devotes vast pains and ingenuity to proving how far from remarkable he was, how human, minor, peccable, and negligible. It is not lust for truth that makes people enjoy image-breaking, but an evil envy and lust for self-justification. The next step for biography seems to be to admit (and forgive) the minor sins of men, to transcend an adolescent need for perfection in our heroes, and to brand on the race mind what a miracle it is for any man, saint or sinner, to add a line's breadth to the human ascent. The scintilla of greatness in any man is worth admiration regardless of the matrix of evil in which embedded. Man is by general consent imperfect and, in face of the cosmos, humility the first virtue. But as members of the race some pride is needed to keep us going. These are the best we have and to belittle them is to demean ourselves. This may be poor stuff but 'tis our own.

HENRY PRINGLE'S critical study of Alfred E. Smith seems to illustrate the thesis. Here is the keen, human, and often thrilling story of how a poor East Side Irish lad, with brains and a gay histrionic talent, outgrew the brown derby and seven years in Fulton Fish Market, transcended his Tammany tutors, loosed the bonds of Hearst, and underwent a metamorphosis that put his brains, his human sympathy, his mastery of practical politics, and his love of a job well done, into administering the business of a state for all its people until the plain folks love him and the social statesmen recognize his services with deep gratitude. This is a campaign life *de luxe* for it cannot be denied the author thinks Al Smith would be a great president. But its method is not saccharine eulogy. Smith is painted as a human being who started at the bottom, played the game, served his bosses, and then from pure native ability, intellectual honesty, and sense of fair-play slowly outgrew his political origins though he never lost touch with the common people. That he can still grow and grasp the duty of a president as he has that of a four-time governor, Mr. Pringle believes

The individual above
Is not a person you could love
Nor wish to ask to tea
His manners obviously are
Uncultured and peculiar
Savouring of the Sea

Frontispiece by A. C. MacDonald from Sails of Gold, edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith, Charles Scribner's Sons

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The Hardy Perennial Governor

From the frontispiece by Wilfred Jones, for Alfred E. Smith, by Henry F. Pringle, published by Macy-Masius

and seeks to prove. If you believe that brains, hard work, the instinct for democracy, and good intent qualify a man for national administration regardless of his limited experience in the larger field or his handicaps, then Mr. Pringle makes out his case.

He certainly has produced a readable, clear-cut, and often penetrating book about a man who possesses Mr. Johnston's first quality for a life—the personality of a unique individual. Even this book fails to show why Smith is what he is—something inexplicable remains. But you do see him as good son and good Catholic, as play-boy and lover, as the family man against whom no scandal has ever been breathed, as messenger, tool, and finally new-school leader of Tammany, as expert from first-hand knowledge in legislation and administration so that Republican elder statesmen admitted he was the most useful member of the constitution-revising convention, and finally as almost permanent governor, the magician of plain facts on the platform, the protector of radical minorities against hysteria, and interpreter of the modern relation between church and state. You also see him as the steady opponent of prohibition. Here the case for Smith is not easy. His attitude seems almost inherited. He has certainly held it without compromise even against the advice of many friends.

The residual problem is Smith's metamorphosis: How did he become this symbol? Four points are clear from Mr. Pringle's study. First, he had brains, native and unadorned. They show in his dislike of muddy thinking even in his Tammany colleagues, in his gift of resolving problems into clear statement, in his mastery of governmental practice, in his realistic devotion to facts, and his miraculous realization that government had to make our complex industrial civilization serve the people. Second, he is human, he knows the people and he knows men; his birth and experience have given sympathy, charity, and understanding. He wants to help. Third, he has had experience such as no reformer ever had. He knows politics and politicians; helped run the machine, and can handle the Republican legislature by superior strategy. Fourth, he has had wise mentors. People have seen in Smith an instrument of the Lord. Old Tom Foley, his Tammany patron, may, the biographer thinks, have had visions of Smith helping his people. Chief of all educating and inspiring influences has been Mrs. Henry Moskowitz—"councillor extraordinary who years ago whispered to him that loyalty to the state was a better thing than loyalty to Tammany." She has shared her education at Columbia with Smith of the grade-school. She has brought her Jewish zeal for social progress and her experience as a social worker to help him help the common folks he loved. She has guided his thinking, criticized his English, interpreted him to the world, and kept him true to himself "with a mixture of hero worship and maternal affection." And all without self-interest. She is his *éminence grise,* his grey cardinal. This union of Jew and Irishman has its significance. She is one answer to the enigma. The rest is just Smith, lovable, useful, and a sign of the times.

PER CONTRA, note Boss Tweed by Denis Lynch. Here is another Tammany leader, but how cruel, corrupt, and noisome! All you can say is that he was the product of his generation, that "grim generation" whose tale Lynch is really telling as it grouped itself round the spider-like boss. Read this close-packed catalog of bribery, political riot, imperial spoliation of an indolent city, violence and bloodshed, and Smith's failures seem like the pecadilloes of a sucking dove. Read of Jim Fiske and his mistress, Josie Mansfield, of Jay Gould and Black Friday, of the bloody "Draft Riots" fostered by municipal inefficiency, of how they auctioned off the City Hall and the mayor had to buy it in or be evicted, of Victoria Woodhull and her notions of feminism, of the devious and mysterious ways of Samuel J. Tilden who finally pulled Boss Tweed to ruin, of the venal press whose reporters got retainers of $200 a year and whose editors were hamstrung by corrupt ownerships until The Times bravely pried off the lid, and of the gangs of thugs who battled in the streets behind barricades of carts and furniture. It is not dangerous complacency to say we have come a long way in some things since those debauched, bedizened, but hilariously colorful days.

This is not a very good life of Tweed, nor do we see the need for a life of him, but it is a detailed study of why he ruled. You need a good knowledge of New York city history to understand events, and you'll learn a lot more. The panorama is so big and swift that the high-lights and the human drama are not always easily grasped, but you'll be fascinated by the kind of folks you meet (and never met before) and by the cinema-like flashes you get of picturesque events. Of moral I think there is none save that greed gets drowsy with overeating and *tempora mutantur et nos in illis.*

LIFE-WRITING is not Walter Lippmann's bent. He is interested in the genesis and incidence of public opinion. He is not fascinated by his Men of Destiny as particular humans, but as the products or interpreters of currents in our democracy. His title is therefore a bit misleading as well as grandiloquent. Some of his studies already date, and some of them are concerned with political problems independent of men. But the best of them do illuminate how certain figures are symbols of the popular spirit. He finds in Al Smith the representative of the later, and hitherto disfranchised immigration, grown at last into power enough to demand the highest place at the public table. The governor is also a captain in our nascent war between *rus* and *urbs.* In a second trenchant analysis of

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Smith's position on Catholic policy he points out what many have missed, to wit, that his position asserting the individual conscience as the arbiter between state and church gives up all the ancient claims of the church to a superior sovereignty. Coolidge with his Vermont economy is for Lippmann a vicarious atonement, an offering of the older Americans who still render lip-service to the Puritan traditions of self-denying frugality, but who prefer to take their Puritanism de luxe without pains or sacrifice of earthly treasures. Cal is a symbolic Puritan. Even Mencken and Sinclair Lewis are not taken as literary men, but as clinical material. Mencken is an outraged sentimentalist who lambasts democracy by which somehow he is fascinated, and achieves uproarious humor by applying to it "the standards most educated men reserve for a culture of the first order." Lewis is a maker of stereotypes for reformist purposes. "His characters are all adolescent and they express an adolescent rebellion." Sharp stuff, you see, and with a pretty twist of words.

JOHN PAUL JONES is good stuff for life-writing, and Phillips Russell catches the light from both facets of his nature. He was a man of action shot through with streaks of almost poetical sensibility. This naval thunderbolt never got over brooding on killing one of his merchant crew as a young captain. His pride and consciousness of genius kept him in hot water with the politicians and the inefficient founders of the American navy. The charm of his personality and the romance of his deeds made him the darling of European salons. Scotch-born, he devoted himself and his private fortunes to the cause of human liberty. He won fame, but the image left by his story is of tragic frustration within and without. He remained somehow alien both on the quarter-deck and in the boudoir. Why, Mr. Phillips never quite makes clear. Here is a picturesque and detailed tale of the man's life through the facts of which the man himself escapes. Jones offers a theme for the modern school of biography, but the intimate material is not available. The most significant contribution of this book for the average reader is the revelation of what a dubious enterprise the American Revolution was, and how meager were the resources with which it was won. We must add that the pictures by Leon Underwood reflect the romantic unreality of Jones's career even better than the text.

LEON WHIPPLE

BIOGRAPHY, *The Literature of Personality, by James C. Johnston. Century. 300 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
ALFRED E. SMITH, *A Critical Study, by Henry F. Pringle. Macy-Masius. 402 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
"BOSS" TWEED, *by Denis Tilden Lynch. Boni & Liveright. 433 pp. Price $4 postpaid of The Survey.*
MEN OF DESTINY, *by Walter Lippmann. Macmillan. 244 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
JOHN PAUL JONES, *Man of Action, by Phillips Russell. Brentano's. 314 pp. Price $5 postpaid of The Survey.*

Homespun Ghosts

GLENWAY WESCOTT opens a family album and out of its portraits he makes a book. From its stained pages ghosts emerge, each with a story. History repeats itself to him—the history of a group of people all bound by ties of blood or marriage, settlers in Wisconsin. The scene has the strong quality of those early days, there is that somber sense of the land, of the growth of the soil and of those who took root there.

Each ghost becomes in turn the shadow of an earlier wraith who left a heritage of energies and impulses. Each life yields its hidden drama; the past gives up its secret. Out of the cross threads of passions is woven the material of this novel. Out of it the author cuts the pattern of the race.

Glenway Wescott, under the thin disguise of Alwyn Tower, a young writer, wanders in Europe. Always, everywhere, he broods about his people at home, their types and traits, their lives warped and torn. He is seated on a balcony at night, in a mountain resort abroad, when a file of his pioneer forebears with their descendants passes in fancy before him—and so this tale begins. So it runs, a theme that holds a wide range of phases, each clear and round. There are no discords to break up a new form of unity, save only an internal discord of family elements caught between birth and "the phrase at the end."

These portraits are studies in futility. These people die the victims of their own inarticulate despair. They are all sick at heart, each in his own starved way. They seem never at peace with one another, while the violence of their natures locks them within a dark circle of frustration. Alwyn Tower makes us feel with him the conflict of their loves and hates, the tumult of their fear and greed. They were blind as we are blind—unless we grow wiser in our generation.

In simple and austere prose he gives us his spiritual diary. Thoughts that march with the pioneers of Wisconsin reach from the past into the present age of America:

> Too soon the holiness was going out of the land. There were modern inventions for warming the heart, and certain fires with too bitter smoke had been allowed to go out—except upon old-fashioned, unattractive hearths. And perhaps if America was to justify its existence . . . the children of those hearths, reared in, embittered and half intoxicated by the smoke would have to do the work. . . . Stronger than their fathers, because they would have less fear of God, more desperate because, lacking a God of resignation and forgiveness, failure would be even more intolerable. The future of America, if it was to be worth troubling about, depended on them.

The present points to those same hearths where the life of the race centers. Time waits for bitter smoke to rise again. Perhaps humility will rekindle our fires, to guide new pioneers toward the light, to offer the simple warmth of fellowship.

H. S.

THE GRANDMOTHERS, *by Glenway Wescott. Harper Prize Novel, 1297-28. 388 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

The burning of Whitehaven on the English coast

Illustration by Leon Underwood from John Paul Jones, Man of Action, by Phillips Russell, published by Brentano's

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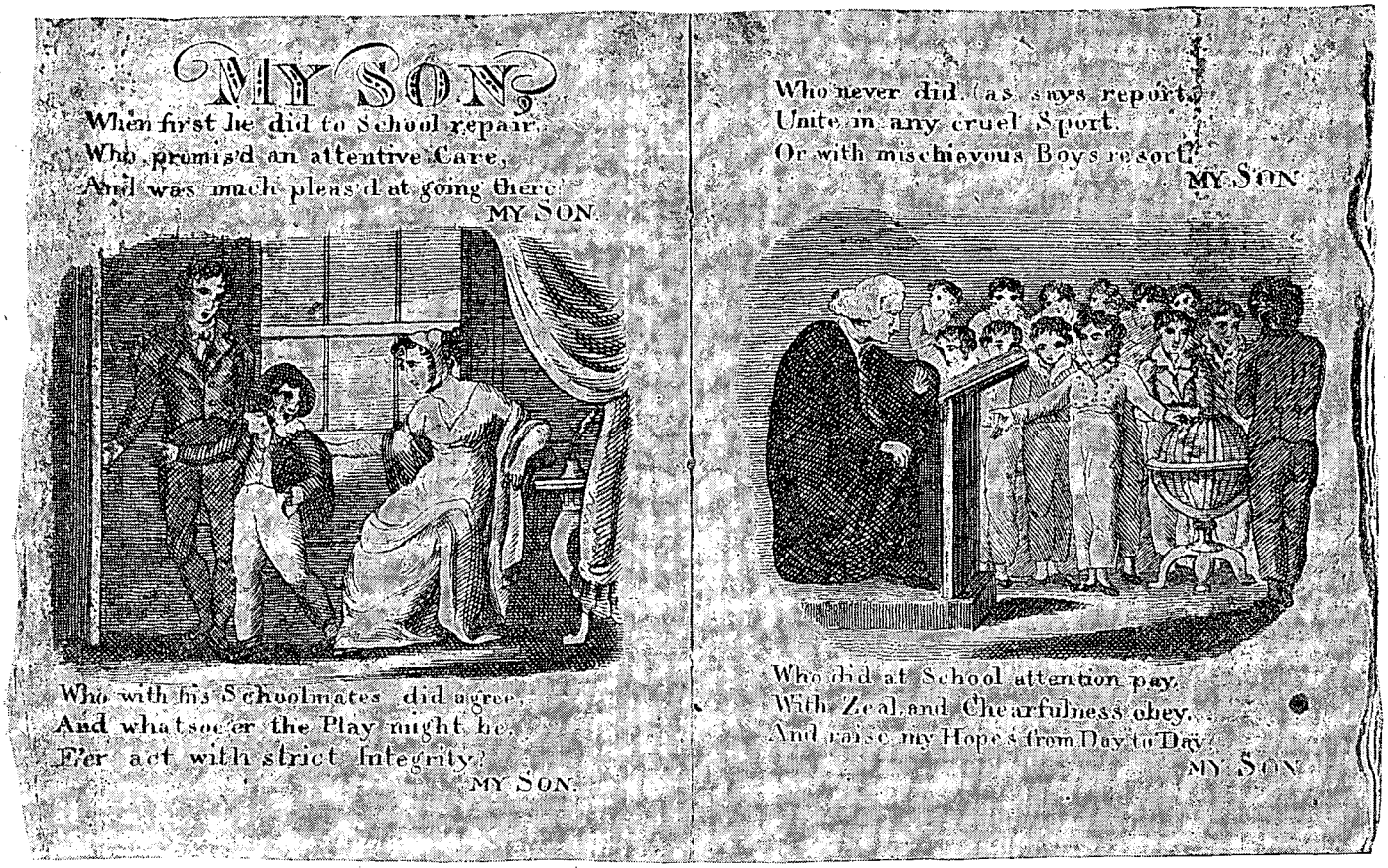
MY SON.
When first he did to School repair,
Who promis'd an attentive Care,
And was much pleas'd at going there?
MY SON.
Who with his Schoolmates did agree,
And whatsoe'er the Play might be,
E'er act with strict Integrity?
MY SON.
Who never did (as says report)
Unite in any cruel Sport,
Or with mischievous Boys resort?
MY SON.
Who did at School attention pay,
With Zeal and Chearfulness obey,
And raise my Hopes from Day to Day?
MY SON.

The illustration above and the two following it are from the private collection of early American children's books, 1682—1840, of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach of New York

Can the State Be Useful

IN these lectures Professor Dewey brings a cooling intelligence to play upon exaggerated conceptions of the importance of the state, and also upon the newer pessimism with respect to democracy. Hegel made the state a mystical God-given entity lifted above the accidents of time and place. He has many followers who unconsciously reflect this view today in regarding the least criticism of the Constitution of the United States as seditious. Dr. Dewey, it need hardly be said, has long been opposed to any such illusions. He pleads for a realistic, pragmatic approach to the problem of the functions of the state, as only the instrument through which the public secures the furtherance of shared interests.

He begins with an attempt to define "public": "The line between private and public is to be drawn on the basis of the extent and scope of the consequences of acts which are so important as to need control, whether by inhibition or by promotion." He is quite aware of the extent to which this definition is misinterpreted by selfish interests. Realizing as keenly as any Socialist how business interests rationalize their own advantage by identifying it with the public good, he nevertheless sees little hope in transferring industry from private hands to public. There is no magic by which this transfer will bring about social regard. "The same causes which have led men to utilize concentrated political power to serve private purposes will induce men to employ concentrated economic power in behalf of non-public aims." This fact does not imply that the problem is insoluble. But it indicates where the problem resides.

The technique for enlisting insight, loyalty and energy on the side of the public, Professor Dewey, like Mr. Lippmann, reminds us is deplorably deficient still; but he is not without hope. Despite the fact that multitudes do not even take the trouble to vote, that among the rest, many have not the minds to vote intelligently, and that others find the issues altogether too complex, he is against dictatorship of any kind. Elections, at the least, are reminders that we have common problems on which we are expected to decide—and after conferring and discussing. To secure better conference, he wants everybody who appreciates the problem, to work today at building up the local community.

In this type of association, as Miss Mary Follett pointed out in her New State, there are to be found the close interest, the devotion and the intelligent understanding out of which attitudes and judgments needed for passing upon the problems of the Great Community may best be expected to grow. It is necessary to say that he stresses the importance of the utmost freedom to pursue social inquiries and to distribute the conclusions. In all these reflections we may point "to the enormous obstacles with which the rise of a science of physical things was confronted a few short centuries ago, as evidence that hope need not be wholly desperate nor faith wholly blind."

Perhaps the best chapter in the book, certainly the most moving, is the last. Professor Dewey demonstrates how wasteful has been the energy spent in discussing the supposititious problem of the conflict between the individual and society. The effective pursuit would be rather to study how we can release individual potentialities (never to be liberated anywhere else but in a society) by increasing the range and the depth of the associations in which single persons and groups participate vitally. The importance of democracy, from the standpoint of the individual, lies in "having a responsible share according to capacity in forming and directing the activities of the groups to which one belongs and in participating according to need in the values which the groups sustain."

To those who protest that intelligence is incapable of increase, he replies that whatever may be true of men's native powers, the effective use of them is not an original, innate endowment. Any mechanic of today, howsoever inferior in native intelligence to Sir Isaac Newton, has at his disposal a wealth of tools and other social heritages not available to earlier ages. The intellectual capital on which we can now draw is vastly greater than ever. The outstanding problem of democracy is how to use these resources more fruitfully. And this of course brings us back again to the fundamental import-

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ance of sound education on which Professor Dewey has already said so much that is wise. HENRY NEUMANN

THE PUBLIC AND ITS PROBLEMS, *by John Dewey. Holt. 224 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

They Sang in the Dark

ON THE jacket of this book we read that the author went into the library at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and asked for a book of mining ballads. There was no such book so he set himself to the task of collecting them. The collection is not large but is widely scattered and gives one a general "feel" of the inner life of the mining community. To my mind it is a great work, though I have no notion how those who have never known the life will react to it.

Korson has used a method that anthologists generally might note. He has tried by brief description to orient each song in its setting. He gives a story about the mine mules, and what wise and wonderful animals they were! Then he gives a snatch of a song by the doting driver, My Girl is a Mule in the Mines. Now the motor has crowded out the mule much as it has taken the song from the lips of the miner. Many of these songs grew out of the community life that hovered about the mouth of the shaft and the memories of struggles and disasters. There are still struggles, strikes and disasters but the community life is dissipated. There is leisure but it does not seem to produce ballads. It's like the leisure now in the lumber woods; there is more than ever before but no folklore is emerging from it. The radio, the movie, the tabloid and all those "canned" time-passers have come to blight the imagination.

We can collect and preserve these songs and ballads but what will they mean to the generation that is coming on? Perhaps no more than the ethnological data that the anthropologists gather from the ends of the earth. Sometime, somehow the collection helps us understand human nature. It has a value to social science and if artfully done, a value to literature.

Henry Ford is building a museum to house the relics of pioneer American culture, so effectively being wiped away by the machine age that he has done much to establish. From every nook and corner he is collecting the old fiddles and log cabins and such evidences of American antiquity that get no mention in the school books. I approve of this work, only I would like to see him get interested in collecting materials on the life lived in those cabins. What about the songs the pioneers sang, and all their home-made pastimes? Are they not as important as the externals? Mr. Ford or some other man equally far-sighted and eccentric ought to give this matter some thought. When he does, I nominate Mr. George Korson to his staff.

NELS ANDERSON.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE ANTHRACITE MINER, *by George Korson. Frederick H. Hitchcock, Grafton Press. 224 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

Ol' Davil River

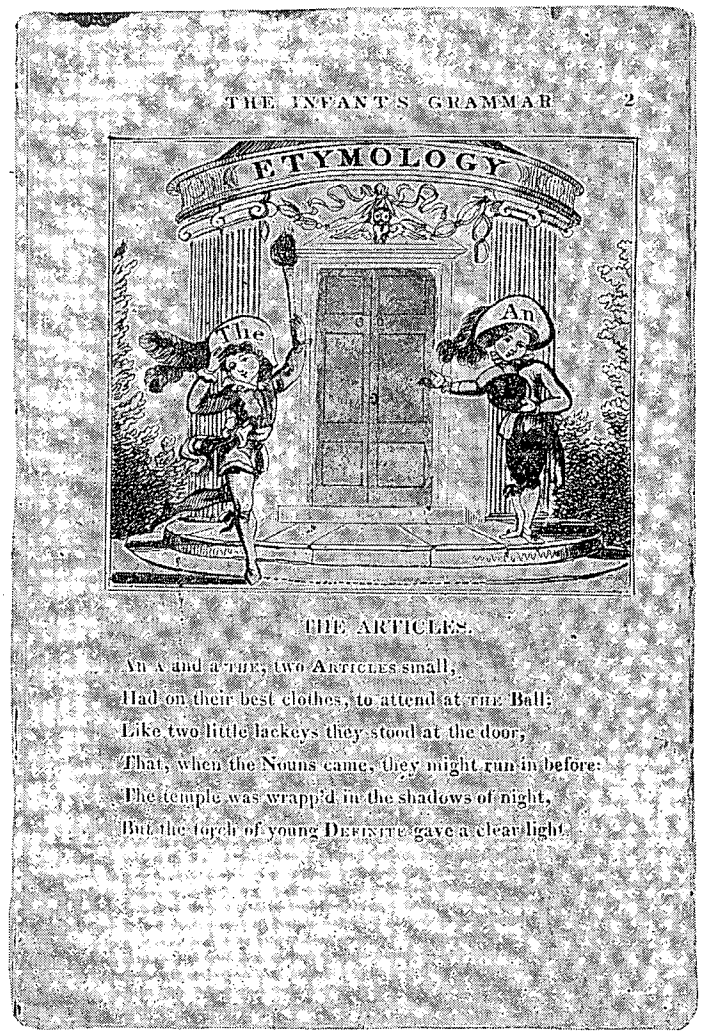
MR. SAXON grew up behind the levees in Louisiana, which means below the levees, and that means in turn that he continues stubbornly to love the river which has flooded and robbed him times without number. As a boy he crouched all night on a broken levee with his elders and their servants and horses and cattle while their home was toppled over by the water from a crevasse.

The Mississippi is, he says, "the crookedest river in the world." And it is a big river, a stage for big men—DeSoto, LaSalle, Father Marquette, Father Hennepin, Andrew Jackson, Lafitte the pirate, Mark Twain, Herbert Hoover. Its folk lore is on the grand scale—the old plantation life; the singing stevedores; the red-bearded bandit, Mike Fink, about whom there are enormous legends yet whose very existence is doubtful; Molly Glass, the quadroon sadist whose head and right hand were nailed to a post as a warning to murderers. Down its waters and those of the Ohio, on flatboats and rafts, went the first great waves of western migration. Its steamboat races were the fastest sporting events of their time and its gamblers played for fabulous stakes with a gun handy under the table.

In any new book on the Mississippi there are sure to be familiar events and characters. But Father Mississippi has some fresh materials, notably the letters of an upstanding pioneer woman, a friend of General Jackson, who thus describes the amputation of her leg after a runaway behind a half-broken horse: "I was taken out on the gallery and laid on a table. The operation soon commenced. Chloroform was not used in those days and my suffering was only known to my God and myself."

There is fresh matter, too, in the chapters on this year's flood, that is both interesting and important. For on the day that Lindbergh landed in Paris the flood went off the front pages of the newspapers and that was the end of it so far as the public is concerned. There remained only three groups who are consecutively interested in flood control: the Army engineers, who are committed to a "levees only" plan, which has failed; the conservationists, crying in the wilderness for a three-fold program to save forests and soil as well as water; and the people of the Delta, who live in the shadow of a yearly flood.

Like most Southerners, Mr. Saxon sees the flood foreshortened—a great stream of water running over his doorstep. He fully realizes the need of levees and the reopening of natural spillways. But when he looks North, up toward the large end of the great funnel which is the Mississippi drainage basin, he is unable to visualize the parts that might be played by reforestation and storage reservoirs. Indeed, he nowhere draws the distinction between reservoirs large enough to carry off the whole spring flood, a straw man successfully bowled over by the advocates of levees, and lesser reservoirs which might hold back the top of the flood—the last two feet of water which runs over the levees even if they do not break. And it is a strange oversight that, among all the authorities quoted, he has omitted Walter Parker of New Orleans, whose articles and reports represent the broadest and most understanding


THE INFANT'S GRAMMAR 2
ETYMOLOGY
The
An
THE ARTICLES.
An & and a THE, two ARTICLES small,
Had on their best clothes, to attend at THE Ball:
Like two little lackeys they stood at the door,
That, when the Nouns came, they might run in before:
The temple was wrapp'd in the shadows of night,
But the torch of young DEFINITE gave a clear light.

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southern view of the whole situation. Southerners as a rule do not make enough of the economic arguments, such as Mr. Parker's discussion of cotton and Professor Smith's plan, given on another page of this issue of The Survey, for salvaging from the flood water a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of fertilizer each year. Yet these are the best of arguments for Congress and for the North, where the money for flood control must be found.

The Mississippi has ebbed and flooded quite regardless of man and his little piles of dirt. It was in flood in 1541 when DeSoto discovered it and in 1927 when this book was written. But a span of even four hundred years is only the beginning of the story, for in many parts of the Delta there are pre-Indian mounds which have the look and the location of having been built by some far-off race as a refuge from the inevitable waters.

ARTHUR KELLOGG

FATHER MISSISSIPPI, *by Lyle Saxon. Century. 400 pages. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

Bright Edges of the World

TO THE pageant of America's making no novelist has contributed more than Willa Cather. One by one her sensitive lucid stories have built up the epics of the pioneer—that slow fruitful process of man, pressing forward in towns and cities or almost alone in the great plains to make, with his hands and his spirit, a life that is not only secure but beautiful. This latest novel is laid in a new country, among the towering mesas, the conical red hills and stunted junipers of New Mexico, in the decades following the annexation of that wild and unknown territory to the United States.

In 1851, when Father Latour came to serve as the Vicar Apostolic and Bishop of Agathonica, its bright landscape had been etched through centuries with the ways of men, the Indians of the ancient pueblos, the bold flashing-eyed Spaniards, the Mexicans who had pushed up across the deserts to the southward. Father Latour and his lifelong companion, Father Vaillant, brought with them the subtlety and sophistication of the French missionary priests, the mystic splendor of Rome. The dignity of Father Latour could look straight into the eyes of his friend, the Navajo chief Eusabio, or meet the piercing blue gaze of Kit Carson, gallant soldier under orders, who hunted the Navajos as a ferret hunts rats.

When death came to the archbishop thirty years later, after their story of hardship and visions and friendship, he had seen the dream of his life—the great simple cathedral of Santa Fé, in the Romanesque of his native Auvergne. The Navajos had been cruelly expelled, then allowed to trek back wearily to the country which was their birthright of centuries. In the towns, adobe houses were mixed with box-like frame dwellings with scrolled porches. Orchards had sprung from the dry switches he had brought in desperate journeys across the country; on his little pond, piped with water from the Santa Fé creek, a hundred lotus blossoms floated, progeny of five bulbs he had slipped into his valise in Rome. His vigil was ended, and with it a bright chapter in the history of his church and of that amorphous United States which was welding slowly the bonds of a nation. Something was passing forever with the life of the archbishop, something which Miss Cather makes so achingly beautiful that one must be thankful it will linger in her book:

Beautiful surroundings, the society of learned men, the charm of noble women, the graces of art, could not make up to him for the loss of those light-hearted mornings of the desert, for that wind that made one a boy again. He had noticed that this peculiar quality in the air of new countries vanished after they were tamed by man and made to bear harvests. Parts of Texas and Kansas that he had first known as open range had since been made into rich farming districts, and the air had quite lost that lightness, that dry aromatic odour. The moisture of plowed land, the heaviness of labour and growth and grain-bearing, utterly destroyed it; one could breathe that only on the bright edges of the world, on the great grass plains or the sagebrush desert.

That air would disappear from the whole earth in time, perhaps; but long after this day. He did not know just when it had become so necessary to him, but he had come back to die in exile for the sake of it. Something soft and wild and free, something that whispered to the ear on the pillow, lightened the heart, softly, softly picked the lock, slid the bolts, and released the prisoned spirit of man into the wind, into the blue and gold, into the morning, into the morning!

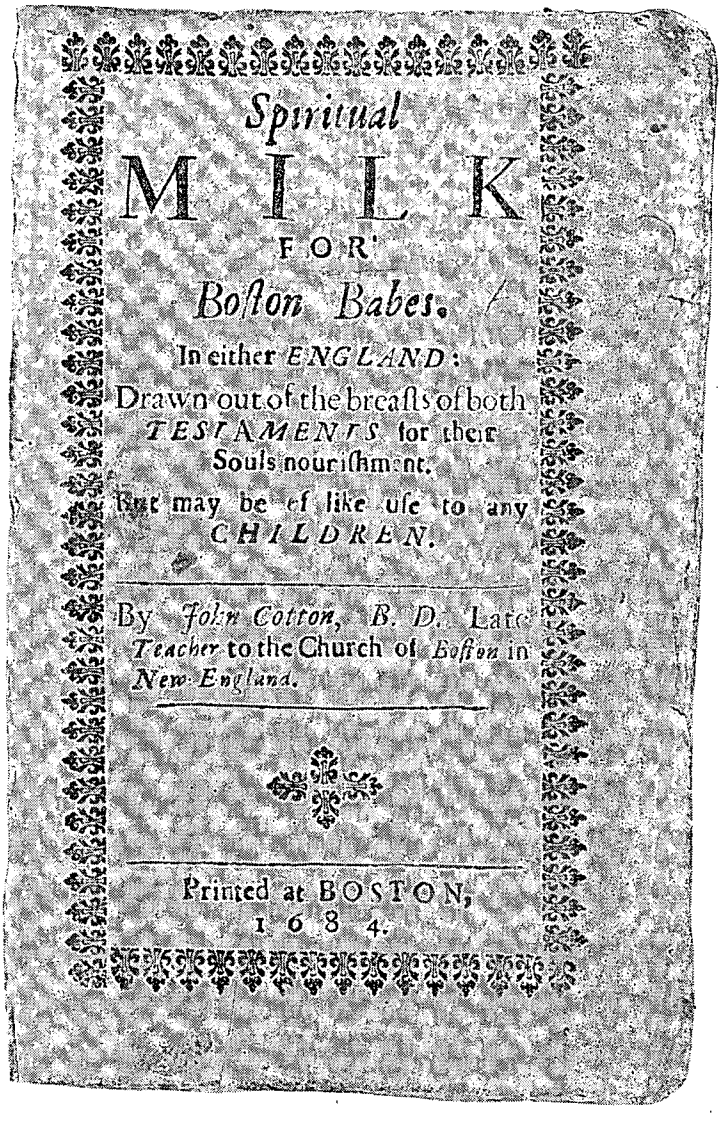
MARY ROSS

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP, *by Willa Cather. Knopf. 303 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

In Black and White

THE Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man reads as if it had been written yesterday, but it is a reprint of a book dated 1912. To be sure, there are slight differences—the New York cabaret is a "club" on West fifty-third Street instead of a dance hall in Harlem; the new music is ragtime, not jazz; and the young people play progressive euchre instead of bridge. But the Negro moves through the New York world of 1912 as he moves through its streets in 1927. And the problem of race that he faces was the same then as now.

The quiet detachment about the Autobiography made it a matter of speculation when it appeared as to whether it was biography or fiction. Librarians did not know how to classify it, and many were the eager questions asked of Negroes and their friends. The book was anonymous and opened with the statement, "I know that in writing the following pages I am divulging the great secret of my life." A colored man was "passing," and yet he dared to tell his story! After a little, the author became known, and his brown face proclaimed that he had not told his own tale. But perhaps it was some one of his friends? Conjecture continued. This reprint dispels any doubt as to the book's being fiction. But as Carl Van Vechten, who writes the introduction says: "It reads like a composite autobiography of the Negro race in the United States in modern times."



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The book has at once received a warm welcome. Especially in the South appreciation has been genuine and sincere. Here is a colored man who can see both sides of a question. Who can even feel a certain admiration for the dogged Texan who says to his northern acquaintance: "You might argue from now until hell freezes over, and you might convince me that you're right, but you'll never convince me that I'm wrong." Indeed, the hero of the story is at length defeated by the spirit of the Texan, and leaves his race when he sees the depths of degradation that it must suffer. He marries a white woman, becomes a part of the white world—and at the end wonders whether he has not sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

An engrossing story and a quiet, unprejudiced discussion of the race question. The Jade Library is enriched by this new volume. As Mr. Johnson stands on its shelves he may rub sides with Gautier and Goldoni. It's rare company.

James Weldon Johnson, colored, has a more interesting life than anything that he can imagine for his hero. We hope that some time he will give it us to read. In the meanwhile this entertaining novel contains many of his views, thus reflecting the opinion of one of the sanest and at the same time one of the most fearless men in public life today.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-COLOURED MAN. *by James Weldon Johnson. Knopf. 210 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

The Roots of Nations

A DULL subject? As taught at King's College, London, it must be the most fascinating in the catalog. For Mr. Barker brings to it, with a rare fulness of special knowledge, a curiosity that penetrates into every cranny of relevant lore and scholarship. And his style of presentation is that of the great tradition: clear and flowing in limpid exposition and argument which never degenerate into garrulity. This happy marriage of thoroughness with originality which he exemplifies in his own work is perhaps one facet of British character which the author has not sufficiently stressed in his text.

Although it is constructed largely from the material of British history and thought, the scientific value of this study of national character is universal, not only because of the rounded completeness of its presentation but also because it corrects many false assumptions that are current throughout the world. With a master hand, the author describes the process of conflict and confluence through which those separate factors mold the character of a nation whose influence is misjudged when they are considered only apart. Thus the radicalist and the environmentalist are equally mistaken if they claim a determining power for the clay and not for the potter. The clay is material and opportunity and, sometimes, incentive; it is not the directing force.

The very forms of livelihood which may be thought of as having had a decisive influence upon the mentality of a people often have been available as neglected opportunities for centuries before the courage, the experience, or the circumstances arose in which it was possible to take advantage of them. The same racial group whose inherent qualities are supposed to have stamped a civilization may also have given birth, in another territory with other incentives and opportunities, to an opposite type of civilization. Causes and effects in human adaptation to environment mingle in the bewildering movement of historical happening.

Moreover, the factors that make national character are not enduring, inflexible forces. Even race and climate change, and the physical contours of a country. When we come to a system of law or education it is often difficult to discern where it creates a trend of national character and where it is, itself, deflected from its course of development by other influences. And so Mr. Barker has come to stress the one element in the situation which recent discussion has most neglected—the purposive spirit of man that levels mountains and tames his own nature.

Flaws in that element constitute the real dangers to the evolution of national character toward an ideal. At the present time the author recognizes two such flaws in British character which observation in other lands would possibly help him to recognize as more universal than he thinks: occupationalism

There are so many little Panzellas!

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and lack of the power of foresight. If it is possible for an individual or a group to embrace a double or treble nationalism—enjoying at once the sense of regional, national and imperial (and why not international?) heritage—the more recent tendency to identify self and group with a professional stratum to the exclusion of other loyalties not only destroys national character but blights the shoots of potential development. Again, lack of ability to determine the trend of present and future influences on the national fortunes exposes the national character to unforeseen calamities—to the risk of having to face suddenly and without preparation deteriorating forces which it may not be able to resist.

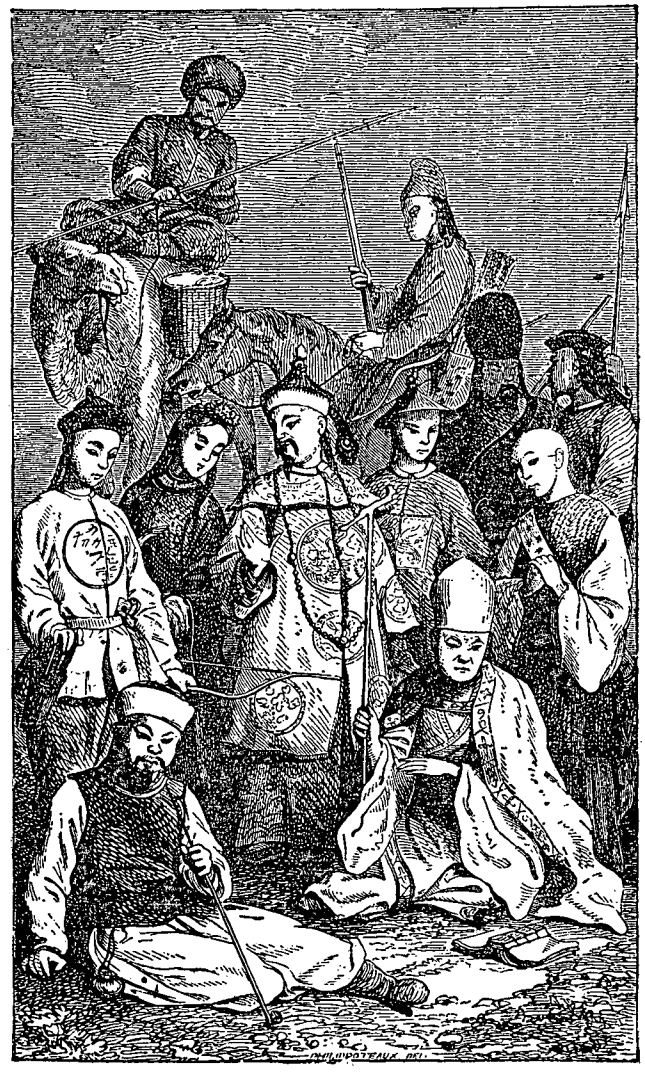
My brief description of the book does no justice to the variety of its interest, its essential sanity, its animation and charm. If you buy it to give away, you may as well order two copies for, having read a few pages, you will want to keep the book.

BRUNO LASKER

NATIONAL CHARACTER, *by Ernest Barker. Harper. 288 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Lawrence Broods in the Sun

THIS is D. H. Lawrence at his best, "only a little more so." And it is just this same a-little-more-so quality which sets his work apart. For the soul that broods in Lawrence is a very old soul and in it rises the race ghost of worlds other than our own. Call it second sight or call it a sixth sense. Which is perhaps why he is able to penetrate with an intensity as aware and direct, into the qualities and properties of alien lands and peoples. There is the primitive in him as well as the artist and mystic. Perhaps too that is how he comes to pierce



Frontispiece by Philippoteaux, from Travels in Tartary by Evariste-Régis Huc, edited by H. D'Ardenne de Tizac, published by Alfred Knopf

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the dimensions of time and space in our world to reveal an older order of things in a lost world where life flows another way. And Lawrence sees both ways—and gives us Mexico.

Mornings he sits and writes in the shade of the patio while the parrots chatter and scold, while Corasmin the dog walks in and out of the sun, while Rosalino sweeps the leaves with a twig broom. The Mexican stays in his planet and you stay in your planet. Man, the "White Monkey," can't get back to that cosmos and the Indian can't leave it. Evolution is one name for the void between Aztec and Us. And Rosalino feels it; and Lawrence feels it. Progress means White Monkey's mischief and so the native lives in his world and lets it go at that. Where there is only near and far: where miles are a vague sense of space. Where time is only morning, afternoon and night: where only the present counts and not the crazy spots on a clock. Life to them is a blur. It holds no light save birth and fiestas and death. It is all the same, today or tomorrow, only a little more so.

Lawrence gets inside the country; he gets under the black felt hats of those small dark men—and under their skins. He finds the race as grudging as their gods. In Aztec faith there is no love or pity, no beauty or vision. Only the knife of hate. The sacrificial knife of stone remains their symbol and it divides a cruel today from an even more cruel yesterday. The gloom of animism guards the land "where the dry turf of the valley bed gleams like soft skin, sunlit and pinkish ochre, spreading wide between the mountains that seem to emit their own darkness, a dark blue vapor translucent, sombering them from the humped crest downwards. The many plaited, noiseless mountains of Mexico."

His prose holds the color and heat, the sounds and odors of Mexico. His style becomes again the perfect secret agent of his senses. He has kept the sensitive plate of his receptive self clear to record the play of light and shade; free to respond to the touch and go of casual contacts; then to release again those elusive images which hover around the cloudy centers of consciousness. He belongs to deep and vital sources and so his words stab through the mental crust in his effort to make us feel with him the wonder and mystery of the basic blood stream that is life. It is as though he sought to hold the pulse of time in his fingers, to beat to the cosmic beat. A strange violence drives him always, a sort of poetic excess that vibrates in all his concepts and theories. The last few years he has broken away from the trend of self with its torments, to seek escape by way of a mood that is objective and universal. In each new book it grows, always a-little-more-so. Out of contemplation comes this creed. Out of meditation comes this magic. Comes this Lawrence.

HALLE SCHAFFNER

MORNINGS IN MEXICO, *by D. H. Lawrence. Knopf. 189 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Puzzle for Women

WHEN one gets beyond the incredible title of Margaret Widdemer's new novel it proves to be not a melodrama in the tradition of the dear old nineties but an attempt to state the home-career conflict in terms of current American lives. Silvia Hawthorne, daughter of a famous and much loved father, has taken an architectural training and worked for two years in the office of "the ranking architect, bar two, in New York." She falls suddenly and thoroughly in love with and marries one of her father's bright young men. Richard is more beautiful, more gifted, more charming, more patient, more honorable, more inelastic than is quite believable. The story is the effort of these two young people to build a life together that shall include a career apiece and a successful home. The final solution is for Silvia to chuck her profession and become a sort of contractor-interior decorator, "restoring" old houses and selling them at an amazing profit in the communities where Richard is putting through engineering projects.

One feels that the author stacked the cards against Silvia in her unsuccessful effort to hold down a university instructorship in architecture while Richard attended to his "engineering job." The failure, the reader will feel, was due not to the difficulties inherent in the undertaking but to Richard's ultra-conventional attitude toward money, to Silvia's unconscious effort to find her father in her husband, to her sudden and

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inexplicable blindness and tactlessness and to the machinations of the villainous Mrs. Duryea. So too, the final solution depends not so much upon a change in situation as upon a change in attitude—a change which would have made passable the professional career Silvia abandoned quite as readily as the makeshift she accepted.

As is so often the case in a "novel with a purpose," the "problem" has a tendency to run away with the story, to stiffen the characters into obedient marionettes. The book leaves one with an irritated feeling that the writer misses the essential factors of the problem she sets herself to state, and an impatient conviction that easy manipulation of externals and a mauve and sticky sentimentalism are as futile in dealing with difficult emotional adjustments as "rows of stenciled ducks walking around the walls . . . one after another" which take the place of woolly pink bootees in the conventional happy ending.

BEULAH AMIDON

MORE THAN WIFE, *by Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace. 310 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

What Makes a Person

IF there is one single topic with an overwhelming number of books of buncombe devoted to it, that topic is personality. But this book is not that kind. The topic of personality is usually approached from the angle of new thought, or at times no thought. Valentine approaches the subject with his feet on the solid earth of psychology—if psychology's critics will admit that provides a solid footing.

His purpose "is to set forth a consistent theory of personality based upon scientific psychology." He does not think that personality lies beyond the purview of natural law, and proceeds with an analysis which gives ample justification for his belief.

But personality is a gay deceiver: My personality as *I* know it is a different personality from what *others* know me by. Consequently the total picture of personality cannot be painted exclusively in introspective or in behavioristic pigments. And it cannot be studied in an individual once and for all, for it is in an ever changing flux and flow—therein is found personal hope in such a book as this.

In habit the author finds the key to personality study, and he defines personality as the sum total of one's habit dispositions. (Can't some one find a way of defining so that books are not cluttered up with "sum totals"!) As he traces the implications of habit formation he has to take the reader through the theories of individual differences, instincts remodeled, feeling as the leaven in personality, intelligence, unconscious contributions, and personality measurements.

If the book errs seriously, in the reviewer's opinion it is because the author has maintained a too well-rounded balance and has not given adequate emphasis to feeling and psychoanalytic mechanisms. But perhaps the book errs less than the reviewer in this estimate. I doubt very much if the reviewer errs in giving The Psychology of Personality first rank as a book for student and general reader in this field, a rank not to be confused with the similar high rating he also gives Roback's Psychology of Character for the more profound and less practical reader.

DONALD A. LAIRD

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSONALITY, *by P. F. Valentine. Appleton. xi plus 393 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Are Revolutions Worth the Price?

THE general onward sweep of democracy in the last three centuries has lead to an increasing study of the technique of political control, which in our generation has frequently been of the nature and causes of revolutions. The author of this book gives us a highly plausible interpretation of the revolutionary sequence of events—inception, fruition and decay—using as his examples the English Puritan, American, French and Russian revolutions. He is concerned apparently more with the socio-psychological phases than with the institutional changes, as one might expect from his title; i. e., he deals with revolution as a problem of social control rather than with its tangible content and material results. Accordingly he depicts revolutions as caused not by archaic institutions themselves, but by events after two or more generations have elapsed and the original reverence and pride in the system have passed. Then, when a generation arises free from such senti-

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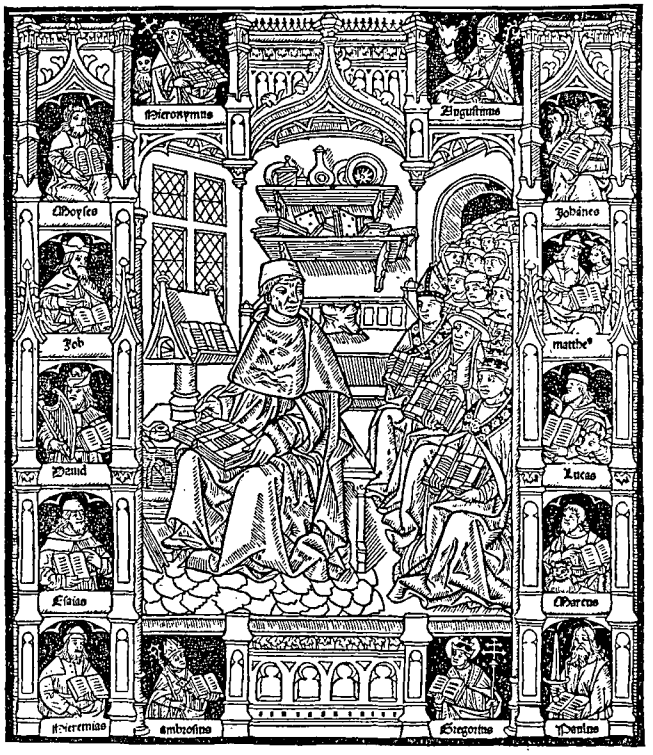
ments, even though the institution may be less important or troublesome, the revolution may occur.

The last chapter of the book is the most interesting. Are revolutions worth the price? The overthrown institution is nearly always on the verge of collapse of itself. The problem then is, how may a class with wealth, power and privilege no longer deserved, be dethroned without violence? When does parasitism become offensive?

He concludes that revolutions are bound to occur while the controlling groups are composed of standpatters, of "fundamentalists" in politics, and until some form of controllable social evolution is sought. So far as the United States is concerned, Dr. Edwards predicts with justice, it seems, that the symptoms of revolution are so slight, all classes are so contented, that the danger of revolution in this century is almost negligible. Accordingly the "periodic scares which afflict the American people are baseless and childish." He rightly deplores the general ignorance of the nature of social upheavals, as a result of which "the people of the United States have developed marked cases of 'nerves' in connection with revolution and revolutionary propaganda." The Sacco-Vanzetti case is so recent an example of this public nervousness, which has been repeatedly exploited by professional politicians and scaremongers for their own purposes, that his book is indeed timely —if it should reach the right hands.

H. McD. CLOKIE

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF REVOLUTION, *by Lyford P. Edwards. University of Chicago Press. 239 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*



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seventy-two contributors are newcomers and some fifty of them are over thirty years old.

There is no way of generalizing about the contents of this book. The four editors have shown no prejudices but neither do they flaunt a banner. The quality is uneven. The degree of newness varies. Some of the material and some of the forms will seem strange to the uninitiated. Some of it will seem vulgar or brutal. Much of it is erotic. There is no common ground or mood except against restrictions. The impetus that forces these writers to honest experiment is expressed by William Ellery Leonard:

.....the form my message takes
Grows not from mode but from my nature's need,
And what most haunts and hounds the artist makes
That artist's theme.

And again, on the defensive, by Eugene O'Neill:

You begin life by denying it. But thus the fear of Death is born in you—twin brother to your fear of Life!

Change is serious business and the past is oppressive; what humor there is in the book is not light-hearted. Florence Becker, in the freest of verse, retorts to the too-modern:

When you say Keats is dead
I laugh.
Listen, darlings:
There's lots of you deader than Keats....
I was born in '95
And made up my mind befo' de wa'.

"Come close that no other may hear"
Frontispiece by Julia McCune Flory from Ali Baba and Other Plays, by Helen Haimain Joseph, Harcourt, Brace and Co.

I'm not going to make pi of it
To feed you howling youngsters.

And there is sense in Witter Bynner's nonsense:

After the end
Comes always the beginning....
And when you begin to understand this,
I shall have done with meaning it,

that holds for all innovators.

The editors claim no more for their volume than that it affirms the *health* of the young American literature. Even those who "know what they like" and would rule most of this book

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out, must grant that it is alive. They might even grant that they find its lusty health exhilarating.

FLORENCE LOEB KELLOGG

THE AMERICAN CARAVAN, *edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld. The Macaulay Company. 843 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

On the Bum

THERE are doubtless a million men on the bum in this country much of the time. Some of them work and wander while others only wander. Altogether they are a very substantial part of the seasonal worker population. This is a story told by one of these migratory workers who recites his experiences as a job sampler during the war for democracy.

It takes us from city to city, from factory to mill and then over miles of railroad. Once we are on the bum and broke and again panhandling the main stem. He takes us into the seething unrest of the rebel worker's world where we listen to an I.W.W. meeting, and finally, the war over, the narrator returns to the pillows and beefsteak of his own home.

I sent a copy to a hobo serving time in San Quentin. I thought enough of the book to feel that he would enjoy it and I venture to say that it will pass from hand to hand till it is worn out. It is about the life of the outcasts written in the language they can understand. At the same time it is entertaining for the parlor folks.

NELS ANDERSON

THE MAIN STEM, *by William Edge. Vanguard Press. 212 pp. Price 50c postpaid of The Survey.*

The Simple Buddha

TO THOSE who have hitherto seen the Buddha only far off through the veil of the commentator's scholarship or bias, this narrative will bring a revelation. For here we see the great religious leader through the eyes of a poet who senses the essentially adventurous quality of his life. The similarity of some of its episodes with those of a more familiar life and especially the simple human wisdom of some of Buddha's last sayings will bring not only him but also his followers nearer to western appreciation. The unaffected style of the translator, Paul C. Blum, the decorations by Harschberger and the excellent typography of an unnamed printer, as well as the subject, make this volume suitable for Christmas giving.

BRUNO LASKER

THE LIFE OF BUDDHA, *by A. Ferdinand Herold. Albert and Charles Boni. 286 pp. Price $3.00.*

People First!

TWO distinctive features mark off this volume from the bulk of the books in the general field of population. The first is the notable emphasis on death as a factor in population growth. There is a prevailing tendency, not only among the enlightened public but even among the specialists, to treat the increase of the human race as if it were exclusively a matter of births, ignoring the fact that deaths play exactly the same determinative rôle. This is conspicuously the case in countries such as France that are seeking to augment their rate of growth, where practically all the emphasis of propaganda and public policy is laid upon increase in the birth-rate. Exactly the same result could be achieved much less expensively by cutting down the death-rate.

Accordingly, one peruses with satisfaction Professor Ross's vivid and impressive account of the recent victorious conflicts with disease, pestilence, and famine. The contrast which he brings out between ancient and medieval mortality on the one hand, and the modern extension of the life span on the other hand, makes stimulating reading and justifies his insistence that the population problem of today is a new problem, that old doctrines, traditions and attitudes are no longer valid, and that the significance of numerous births per family has completely shifted within two or three centuries.

The other distinctive feature is the author's frank and unrestrained espousal of that solution of the problem represented by the birth control movement. Not the least valuable, and perhaps the most appealing, section of his book is that which presents a long series of excerpts from letters written to Margaret Sanger by women seeking with pathetic eagerness for

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some satisfactory escape from the dilemma of superfluous children in which they find themselves helplessly involved.

There is one important aspect of the problem that the title of the book might lead one to hope would be adequately treated, but which in fact is barely hinted at. This is the part that must be played by actual standing room in the determination of maximum population. It is too often forgotten that the increase of mankind involves the continual withdrawal of land from agricultural purposes for other uses, thereby cutting down the possibilities of food production. Professor Ross follows the conventional practice of implying that food is the only important requirement that man makes of the earth, scarcely even recognizing the other basic non-food essentials such as coal, iron, oil, and others, which are much less capable of increase and much more liable to exhaustion than food.

From the jacket of Congaree Sketches by E. C. L. Adams, University of North Carolina Press

As a whole, the book is a readable, pungent, stimulating discussion of the most important problem that modern man has to face. It ought to reach and influence a wide audience.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

STANDING ROOM ONLY, *by E. A. Ross. Century. 400 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

No Buckra

DR. ADAMS, a white physician of Columbia, South Carolina, has joined the small, distinguished company of those who are able to write about Negroes without buckra comment. These sketches of the people of the Congaree swamps are slight, an anecdote, a scrap of "compersation", a bit of a sermon preached in a Negro church; but their brevity makes for conviction. There is no intrusion of the recorder in an explanatory paragraph: Scip or Tad or Old Daniel, or merely a Voice, have their say, and the reader only surmises a listener in the background. It is an interesting experiment in setting down folklore and folk psychology, and a successful one.

Four of these sketches merit special praise for their artistry —the fantasy of the Hopkins Nigger whose golden day in

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heaven was short; the laconic account of Jedge Fool-Bird's white justice; the story of Big Charleston who got what he wanted; Ole Man Tooga's Chile, a tale of the chain-gang ("when God drap him in de han' of er cracker, he done wid him").

In a fine introduction Paul Green pleads for more such conscientious interpretation as in this little book. "For there is much," he says, "worth the knowing and we're missing it, caught as we are in the lock-step of senseless conformity."

F. L. K.

CONGAREE SKETCHES, *by Edward C. L. Adams. University of North Carolina Press. 116 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

Social Distance

SOROKIN'S Social Mobility is a refinement of his Sociology of Revolution, a book that treats of violent interaction between classes. The new volume is an approach to the theory of inter-class movement, at present by far the most fundamental element of sociology, one that might be termed a step in the direction of giving sociology a scientific status. The author, who is a Russian and now professor of sociology at the University of Minnesota, is dealing objectively with material that was once confined largely to the realm of speculation. Once I heard a professor in economics laugh at a student who talked about social forces. He would have none of those vaporings—show him a social force! There are many heads that work that way and here is an answer in language that they can understand.

The book deals with social space, social distance and social position, having to do with classes in society and the mobility within and between them. Horizontal mobility is mixing on a common level, vertical mobility is moving up and down the scale. He distinguishes between social and geometrical space, through which movement passes. Social distance is a cultural concept separating people of classes and where there is mobility there is mixing and complications and so we have Maggies and Jiggses, whose hearts yearn for corned beef and cabbage, while their conventions force them to finger a demitasse.

Sorokin finds an immobile society with its castes most secure for the "best" people, but where classes are always open for invasion from below there is always wasting at the top. He has a thoughtful conclusion on social mobility as the *sine qua non* of progress. Throughout he has done a good job of supporting himself with factual material. I would call it a good antidote for what Sorokin calls "the plague of sociology."

NELS ANDERSON

SOCIAL MOBILITY, *by Pitirim Sorokin. Harper. 559 pp. Price $3.75 postpaid of The Survey.*

People vs. Mars

DR. MORRISON, editor of The Christian Century, has written a volume which will undoubtedly cause much controversy and dissension within the ranks of peace-workers and which may even lead to profanity in military circles. Nobody will be completely satisfied with the book except dyed-in-the-wool partisans of the Levinson-Borah program. Ardent advocates of the League of Nations will sputter and professional propagandists for armed preparedness will rave. Yet no citizen who is interested in world peace can afford to ignore it. I regard this volume as one of the most significant published in recent years because of the extreme importance of its central idea and the brilliance with which it is presented.

What is the real significance of outlawry? At present war is a legal institution with its roots deeply imbedded in our social structure. The outlawry proposal is that this legal status should be removed by an international agreement which would declare war to be a crime under the law of nations. This process of de-legalizing war may be achieved through a general international treaty or through a series of treaties between two or more parties. If a universal outlawry agreement should be negotiated and ratified by the representative nations, it would be vastly more difficult for governments to secure the support of their citizens for acts of aggression. No one has thus far pictured so vividly as Dr. Morrison has done the profound change that would come over international relations.

On the other hand, there is some danger that those of us

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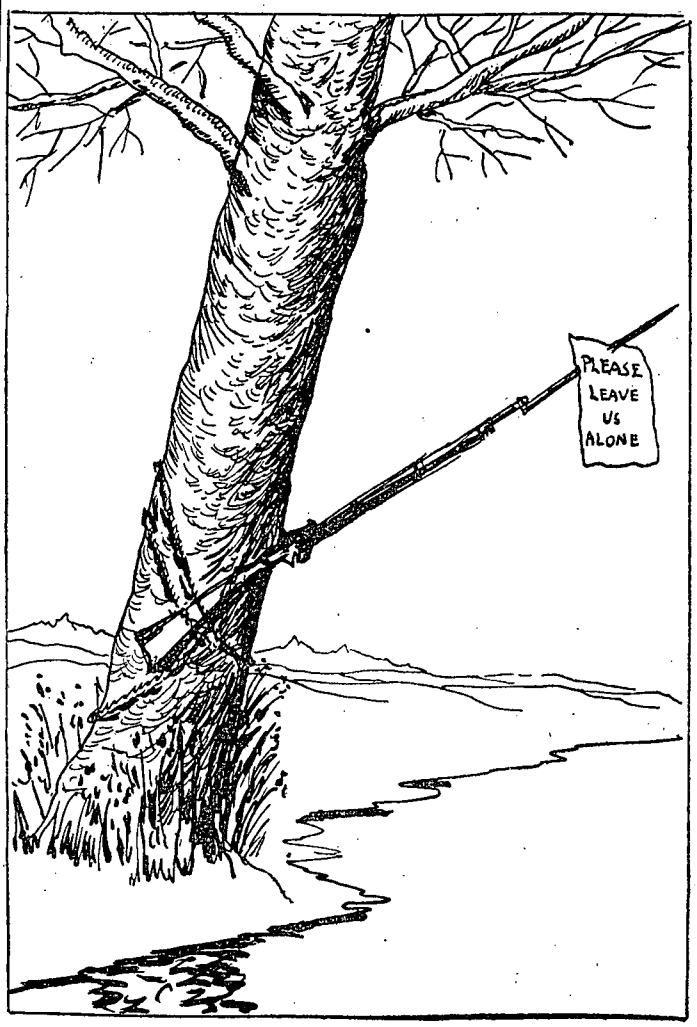
who believe in outlawry will claim too much for it. It is not a panacea and will not in itself abolish aggression and injustice. Moreover, we must distinguish between the *idea* of outlawry and the *program* of the American Committee for the Outlawry of War. The idea is valid and indispensable to an effective peace movement. The program of the American Committee, however, is utterly inadequate. Many of the chief proponents of this movement are hostile to the League of Nations and other permanent international agencies of a political character. Mr. Morrison says repeatedly that outlawry rests upon a juridical foundation alone. While he admits that the League of Nations is doing a lot of good and ultimately may become a really effective agency of peace, he does not hide his hostility to the league and openly says that he does not think the United States should enter it until after war is outlawed. My own opinion is that the nations will never consent to the universal outlawry of war until they have achieved more security and that permanent political agencies are just as necessary as are international courts. There is some danger that Mr. Morrison's book may increase the indifference and hostility of many Americans toward the league.

The idea of outlawry is so vital and unassailable that it should furnish a common platform for the various wings of the peace movement. Unification on this basis would be hastened if the advocates of the Borah-Levinson program would abandon their hostility to permanent international bodies of a political nature. The whole peace movement is deeply indebted to Dr. Morrison for his illuminating interpretation of the significance of outlawry.

KIRBY PAGE

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR, *by Charles Clayton Morrison. Willett, Clark & Colby. 300 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*



The Monroe Doctrine, illustration by the author from America, by Hendrik Van Loon, Boni and Liveright

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"For Beauty's Sake, Amen"

SEVERAL years ago there came from England, without drums or trumpets, a novel called William. Those of us who happened upon it felt that we had come upon sudden treasure. It was one of those rare and unforgettable books, as sure as life itself, as full flavored and as poignant. Now the same author gives us Moor Fires. Again she gives, not a picture of an English scene, but the scene itself, the smell of its winds, the breath of its heather, the whisper of its snow, the long, quiet sense of infinite lives among these hills and hollows.

Miss Young's preoccupation is still with the interplay of thought and feeling and with the unpredictable complexity of human relationships. The pattern she traces is that of the Caniper family who live in Pinderwell House—the wilfully beautiful Miriam, her twin Helen, who is ruled by her fear and smothered by her unreasoning acceptance of responsibility, Notya, their stepmother and the shadow of their father, Philip. The long thread that began with Notya's jealous silence catches young George Halkett in its snare and Zebedee, who should have been the son of the William of that other book. Helen prayed to "The God behind the smoke" of the heather fires: "'And let me be afraid of nothing, for beauty's sake. Amen.'"

It seems no neat narrative trick but somehow an inevitable fulfillment of such desperate fear of life that it is another blazing fire which finally frees her and George and Zebedee through George's death and leaves Pinderwell House a black and unhaunted ruin on the moor. For Miss Young manages to break through the artifices of her craft. Her drama is no thing of paint and tinsel. Its sweep and shade and fire-lit crest move with the ebb and flow of real lives in a real world.

B. A.

MOOR FIRES, *by E. H. Young. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 357 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Fresh History

FEW of us realize how much the accepted history of America, even that of many research studies, is colored by the old and supposedly obsolete point of view and approach of political history. Of no section of our history is this more true than that of the South in general and reconstruction in particular. So it is more than refreshing, it is a matter of scientific importance to have the history of this controversial period presented in terms of contemporary newspaper and documentary sources and interpreted mainly from the economic point of view. This volume, like its companion, The Negro in South Carolina during Reconstruction, really accomplishes this. As such it is even more of a contribution to general historical scholarship than to its special subject of an account of the Negro's part in the events and issues of the time.

It leaves little doubt that the main pivot of the Negro problem has been economic, and that the political slogans and social creeds have been largely rationalizations and stalking-horses for practical self-interest and the struggle of competing factions for power. Especially instructive are the documentary revelations of the frequency with which the attitude toward the Negro shifted with the clash of political and economic interests, and how the Negro was only finally eliminated from politics by a combination of the factions between which he had previously been the main bone of contention. Those who believe in a set traditional attitude of the South on the Negro question, as is so currently believed, ought especially to read the actual record of the many fluctuations and reversals of even less than fifty years of southern history. Their minds might then be more prepared for change and progress in the future.

ALAIN LOCKE

THE NEGRO IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF VIRGINIA, *by A. A. Taylor. Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Washington, D. C. Price $2.15 postpaid of The Survey.*

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ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, research associate in geography at Yale University, and Leon F. Whitney, executive secretary of the American Eugenics Society, have collaborated in the production of the newest American book on eugenics. The title of the book is The Builders of America

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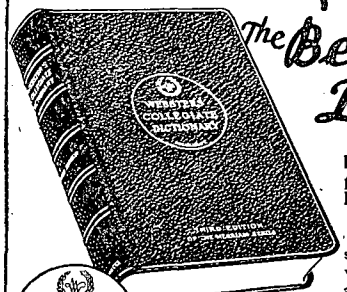

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and the theme is differential fertility. One of the outstanding phenomena of history is the turnover in the population which inhabits a given territory. The particular race and family stocks which represent a major fraction of the population in one century, are found to constitute a very different fraction in another period of history. Raymond Pearl seems to have little doubt but that high fertility among the middle classes will always recruit leaders and persons of talent, but the authors of Builders of America take the view that ability as such is hereditary and that leaders and builders can be recruited only from family stocks which potentially possess these qualities.

The twenty-one chapters treat of such subjects as The Size of American Families, The Source of Builders' Ability, Leaders of the Future, The Best College Students and The Selective Action of Occupations and Education. Besides the critical discussion of these subjects, the authors have made a first-hand analysis of Who's Who and of the alumni of Yale. They report, also, the Phillips table which credits the Harvard graduates from 1851 to 1900 with an average of 1.54 children per graduate. Newcomer's table for Vassar shows that the Vassar alumnae from 1867 to 1906 average 1.1 children per graduate.

But the most interesting part of the book is the analysis of Who's Who. It must be granted that while inclusion in Who's Who is not an absolute criterion of inborn capacity, and doubtless the book includes many who are much less eminent and able than many who are omitted, still, until a more accurate selection of eminence is made, it is perhaps the best single national register for leadership which has been compiled. Of the men there recorded, the investigators find 2.80 children per man. Of the women listed in the same register, they find 2.32 children per woman. By occupations, the children per father show the greatest number belonging to farmers with 3.87. This declines to actors with 2.26. Analysis is made on the basis of sex, occupation, marital condition and size of birthplace; also on the basis of religion and education.

In the Yale study, the 1,600 men of native American stock in the classes from 1922 to 1926 were classified by degree of success (measured by rank in studies, plus rank in non-athletic extra-curricular activities), in relation to education of their parents. This shows that if both father and mother are college graduates, the degree of success equals 80.4. If the mother, but not the father, is a college graduate, the degree of success is 78.2. Here the greatest spread is only 2.2 per cent, and it is difficult to determine whether this difference is ascribable to inherent ability or to "social heredity." Even in so fine a margin, both heredity and environment may be playing their parts, but in the long run a differential of only 1 per cent chargeable to heredity forms a basis which if worked on by differential fecundity will work out to the elevation of one ability-class and the relative extinction of another.

The authors conclude: ". . . the available evidence seems strongly to indicate the desirability that people with a fine inheritance, physically, mentally, and morally should have an average of four to six children, not only for the sake of society, but for the sake of the children. Such tends to be actually the case, in spite of the prevalent supposition to the contrary." They continue: "Some day the world will doubtless frown on any family that has more than two children unless the older children rank high in all sorts of tests, but it will pay great honor to the parents of six children all of whom are superior in mind and temperament."

H. H. LAUGHLIN

THE BUILDERS OF AMERICA, *by Ellsworth Huntington and Leon F. Whitney. William Morrow & Co. 357 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Out of Norway

THEY were pioneers, this giant-hearted man, Per Hansa, and his half-dozen sod-house neighbors—a dot cluster in the prairie expanse of "Dakota Territory." Fisher folk from Norway putting their all on one throw with Fate, coming to America in the 70's to make their fortunes "where a man could be a king" with acres of land for the taking.

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from the category of obscenity and swindling in our federal laws, little sound information from authoritative sources on the increasingly important subject of birth control can be disseminated, even for study and discussion. She gives an interpretative history of this legislation from the 'seventies, when Anthony Comstock, "Roundsman of the Lord," with the noblest intention persuaded Congress to close the mails and all transportation and importation channels to all obscene articles or publications, including therein information on contraception, whether direct or indirect, or even "*calculated* to induce or incite a person to use or apply" *any* means to this end.

The Federal Criminal Code deals with this subject, and twenty-four states have similar statutes in which contraceptive information, while not defined as being "*per se* obscene, immoral, lewd, lascivious, or filthy," is placed in the same list. Another confusion is the linking of contraception with abortion.

Mrs. Dennett shows clearly what an extremely powerful effect this initial association of ideas, with its resulting connotation, has had on the popular mind, and most strikingly on the sensitive plants in the Senate and House of Representatives. This explains the surprising fact that Anthony Comstock's original bill, introduced in Congress on February 11, 1873, was passed by both houses and signed by President Grant before March 4 with practically no discussion and no formal speeches until after it was passed. At no time were there public hearings. The original bill contained a proviso that exempted information "from a physician in good standing given in good faith," but this clause was struck out at the last moment. The subject of "control of conception" was apparently never mentioned.

Mrs. Dennett recounts the subsequent efforts to combat by repeal or amendment the paralyzing effect of this legislation locally and nationally, from the first attempts of the National Liberal League in 1876 to the long effort begun in 1919 by the Voluntary Parenthood League, which is not yet over, but which had its last formal expression in the failure of the Cummins-Vaile Bill to be reported out of committee in 1925. Senators, representatives, officials of national and local societies, professional and social groups, almost without exception, express individual approval of the effort to dissociate birth control from its unfortunate companions, but will not commit themselves publicly by voting or presenting the question to their constituents to pass upon. The author shows further how the general public, whenever opportunity occurs, is anxious and ready to act.

Several anomalies are to be noted in the status of birth control legislation and clinic practice. In Pennsylvania the law does not exempt physicians and druggists, but does books and colleges. In Colorado, where no knowledge (!) may be brought into the state, physicians, books, colleges and druggists are exempt. In Connecticut, information and instruction are not prohibited, but only drugs and articles, and their use. This is the only state which forbids the *practice* of contraception.

Students of social psychology in any field will profit by Mrs. Dennett's keen analysis of the experiences with trying to get cooperative thinking under way on a subject which so readily stimulates powerful emotions, and whereon for the same reason clear individual thinking even is difficult and seldom attained.

LOUISE STEVENS BRYANT

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Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Kenderdine, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of SURVEY GRAPHIC, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1927.

[Signed] JOHN D. KENDERDINE,
Business Manager.

[Seal] MARTHA HOHMANN,
Commissioner of Deeds, City of New York,
New York County Clerk's No. 184; New York County Register's No. 28079.
My Commission Expires May 25, 1928.

deal with eugenics as a specialized aspect of the problems of heredity and of the application of biological knowledge. The book is an exceptionally compact handbook on its topics and consists for the most part of extracts from authoritative sources, including both historical and recent matter. The ninety-nine illustrations and diagrams are well selected to help the non-professional reader.

Professor Schiller's book consists of seven essays reprinted from various periodicals. While there is necessarily some repetition, the treatment is well balanced with the emphasis upon the social and political aspects of eugenical problems. Dr. Schiller points out the failure of "society" to make use of available knowledge but he sometimes leaves us in doubt as to the responsible party in our common failure. For the social worker there are many concrete suggestions of the larger implications of specific maladjustments and defects in social relationships. The last essay, Some Misconceptions of Eugenics, is an excellent antidote for some of the short-sighted efforts of partially informed persons to assimilate (in imagination) a new principle while continuing to think in terms of the existing order or of early preconceptions. Society has developed a variety of mechanisms for influencing individual conduct: it is not necessary to assume that new ideals—specifically eugenical ideals—must involve crude methods of coercion such as are often suggested to the vulgar mind by an analysis of social problems from the eugenical point of view.

Professor Carr-Saunders presents the subject of eugenics in a more systematic way, including several chapters on the subject of inheritance and on the practical aspects of differential birth-rates and death-rates. The chapter on The Control of Racial Change goes into the problem from the point of view of legislation and education. There is a short annotated bibliography. Each of the books is well indexed.

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Nature lent him her lands, her gardens and her orchards; he made her new plants, fruits and trees. He took her gifts and he gave her back his instinct for selection and his powers in application. What he did affects and concerns all life: he made hybrids—"and hybrids are what make the world go forward." He chose the best that Nature had on hand and he turned her forces into a wholesale process. He picked and sorted and wasted for a purpose—to make her best better; he crossed and recrossed until he came away with the prize product! The winds of chance had nothing to do with it. He matched his mind against Nature's methods and together they got results.

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There he dealt in futures on schedule. He would take a specific order for a new variety, from prunes to peas; he would calculate the years it might take to produce it and he would make good on time. But contracts put limits on his freedom of action and thought, while the nursery end of plants kept him from the world of science. The process of experiment and development became the focus of his interest. He made the choice between an easy road with a ready market or the slow growth of special work along new paths.

The Harvest of the Years is for all of us who want the truth. Burbank went to the sources of life and he found "as with plants, so with humans." He bred in traits and he bred out theories and his words come from his work—logic out of labor. He finds the same changes apply to man; the same laws hold true; the same plan serves our structure. . . . This year the Promised Land has a new gardener who served this earth for seventy years.

HALLE SCHAFFNER

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS, *by Luther Burbank. Houghton, Mifflin. 296 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

From the Dark Tower

THE heartache and the dilemma of the Negro, and the dilemma of the poet, are in Countee Cullen's poems. And for all that he sings of Africa and of brown girls and of black Simon, the Cyrenean, and, at least once, even of the Blues, he remains a poet first and a Negro afterwards. The Negro artist, whatever his temperament, is incessantly thrust back upon his heritage of color in race-conscious America. So Cullen draws inspiration from the "agonizing seeds" of his people, but, like every true poet, he sings also, as he must, of the untrite eternal themes, bugbears sometimes of little minds, death and love.

At twenty-four this native son of Harlem has two books of poems to his credit and with the innumerable prizes he has won is probably the best known poet of his years in America, save only the inimitable Nathalia. As befits one who was elected to Phi Beta Kappa while at New York University and took his M. A. at Harvard, Cullen has about him something of the academic atmosphere and a conviction that "a curbed Pegasus offers safer carriage than one given free rein." Not that his verses are stiff or that any, save some of his earliest, are conventional to the point of banality. But, and this may help to account for his popularity, he is far away from the Left Wing in poetry. No initiation is required to understand Copper Sun. In fact, it will probably be liked better by the mass of readers than by the critics. The readers will not be troubled by the fact that Cullen is obviously under no debt to Blues, spirituals or other folk products, or because his meters stem out of the main tradition of English poetry.

Color, a decoration by Charles Cullen, from Copper Sun, by Countee Cullen, Harper & Brothers

Copper Sun is a book of very good verse, although not so good as the earlier Color. From the Dark Tower, Timid Lover and Variations on a Theme, even though the theme of the last is a subject no more original than the loss of love, are only three of many beautiful poems. The publishers made the mistake (artistically, if not financially) of including a section labelled Juvenilia. The juvenilia of a young man of twenty-four are juvenilia, indeed! The triolet called Under the Mistletoe will not help the reputation of the man who wrote From the Dark Tower. And yet it may help sell the book. But we can forget unhumorous triolets for the Cullen who embodies commemoration of the long, piteous past, and prophecy and warning of the future,

"We shall not always plant while others reap."

GORDON LAWRENCE

COPPER SUN, *by Countee Cullen. Harpers. 89 pp. Price $2 postpaid of The Survey.*

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From the Inside Out

INSIDE EXPERIENCE, *by Joseph K. Hart. Longmans. 287 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

INTERESTING as is Professor Hart's Inside Experience, it is not an exposé. It has not a single scandal or secret of any kind to bare. "Inside" is a preposition; and the phrase is meant to stress the thought that within human experience itself, may be found all we need for a sound philosophy of life. The absolutes of Kant and other transcendentalists are unnecessary. The term "nature" needs to be redeemed from the disrepute due to excessive sharpening of the antithesis between mind or spirit on the one hand, and things material on the other. Let us stop regarding man as external to nature and look upon him as nature coming to awareness of its meaning.

But Professor Hart's discussion of this problem is by no means academic. Many pages ring with religious eloquence. Society needs to remake itself endlessly. For this it requires more serviceable concepts than the intellectualisms to which philosophers have been too prone. The author has long been an ardent disciple of John Dewey's (the book had its beginnings in a series of Survey sketches developing the suggestions received from reading Experience and Nature); and he too holds that in the quest for ideals, instead of seeking impossible abstractions, we do more wisely to search for meanings within the actualities of man's life. Thereby we shall avoid the usual fruitless or hurtful dogmatisms and be better able to join forces in using the agencies which nature stands ready to put at our disposal.

The practical import is thus summed up:

> . . . No one would think of tying an ear of corn on a growing stalk of corn in order to make sure that the stalk would eventually have an ear on it: a stalk of corn will produce its ear—given time and favorable conditions. To be sure, it may not produce a very wonderful ear; again, it may produce the most wonderful ear that ever has been known; but whether wonderful or not, the ear it produces will be its own, and big or little, it will be not just the conservation of former wealth: it will be that much more wealth added to the world.

Teachers who have caught the modern spirit recognize what a tonic influence this conception is exercising upon the schooling of today. The social worker has likewise learned to search in the lives of his cases for those natural promptings which give most hopeful beginning to his program of redemption. To parents, statesmen, social reformers, artists, philosophers, everybody at all interested in reshaping life on nobler lines, the main problem should be, "Instead of imposing on man's life some pattern derived from the past or from supernatural excellence, how shall we help human beings work out in ever more intelligent fashion their own best ways of participating in the most worthwhile of experiences?"

Here Dr. Hart has many a shrewd word to say on today's maladjustments. He raps more than one person on the knuckles, and always like a gentleman. He takes the dominant school of behaviorists to task for identifying the mere mechanisms of behavior with human conduct itself. He warns evolutionists against supposing that the higher can be explained in terms of the lower—the later "whole" is always more than the mere sum of its "parts."

Not all persons are bound to accord with the naturalistic empiricism which he accepts as his own philosophy. Some may challenge the conception of "shared experience" as open to the charge of formalism which pragmatism brings against the ideals of absolutists. Since the sharing of experience may be as real on the lower planes as on the higher, what specifically are best among the meanings which homes, schools, vocations, civic life, should have the members of a democracy share? Here is matter for a book which it is to be hoped Dr. Hart will write.

All in all, this one is a refreshing piece of writing to be commended to many types of people—to "practical" folk so that they may reflect on where they are headed, to those reflective natures whose cogitations need the correction and stimulus of test in practise, to pragmatists who will find here further implications in their philosophy. Even those who cannot call themselves empiricists or hedonists will do well to read the book. If it stirs them to ask themselves how their own beliefs can bring forth better fruit, men and angels will have all the more reason to rejoice.

HENRY NEUMANN

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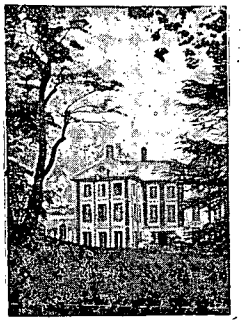

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The Making of a Minister

TURNPIKES AND DIRT ROADS, *by Leighton Parks. Charles Scribner's Sons. 334 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

TWO clear-cut pictures have been given us recently of the South during its most characteristic period, just before the Civil War. In Marching On, James Boyd saw it through the bewildered eyes of a southern farm boy. In Turnpikes and Dirt Roads, Leighton Parks views it as a "blue blood;" one who happily lived within a buggy ride of the Mason and Dixon line and for whom the political issue was sharpened by personal contact with the hot partisanship of both sides.

When blues and grays fought back and forth through his village in the Shenandoah Valley, Dr. Parks was scarcely ten years old, but a boy of unusual perception. He records the agony of decision of his mother and her friends over the political merits of the opposing factions. Many there were who saw slavery as a moral blot and an economic mistake, but who had little love for Yankee crassness in the handling of the problem.

"Who can believe," cried Judge Thompson, "that the day would come when an ignoramus like that Black Republican, Abe Lincoln, could dictate to the several states what they might and what they might not do?" To which David's (Dr. Parks') mother replied: "No one could regret the election of Mr. Lincoln more than I do. But I confess that I wish some way could be found to get rid of slavery, which seems to be the cause of all our present troubles."

The richness of this book lies even more in the reminiscences of the author's friendship with the country doctor of the town. Together they drove about the countryside "letting blood" and administering huge pills and generous doses of calomel. The doctor's inveterate habit of joking was a liberal education to the serious-minded boy, who hadn't been known to laugh until he was seven or eight. Together they discovered the world of human nature, which isn't essentially different in the Shenandoah Valley from what it is in the parish of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, where Dr. Parks, as rector for many years, endeared himself to the community.

Those who love the gentleness and humor of human beings as it is portrayed by, say, DeMorgan in Joseph Vance, will revel in Turnpikes and Dirt Roads. Maybe in his next book Dr. Parks will let his boy grow up and tell us something of the institutional service he rendered at St. Bartholomew's. Social work needs just such an interpretation as he could give it.

JOHN D. KENDERDINE

WEALTH FROM MISSISSIPPI MUD

(*Continued from page* 131)

afford a saving easement to the river.

The details of reconstruction should, however, be planned with ample margins of safety, so that all predictable floods would be cared for as they are to be cared for on the Sacramento River in California—by flowing through automatic spillways into a series of emergency channels or floodways hemmed in by levees built long in advance, and made ready for surplus waters which the river will automatically discharge when it reaches a danger point.

Thus, protected by such construction, the flood plain man could start land mining in perpetuity and to the enrichment of the nation. The drainage fertilizing land units could be flooded for fertility when it best suited the farmers of Stringtown-on-the-levee. Perhaps they could have their string farms divided into two parts so that men could work on one part while the river worked on the other. Thus we Americans could harvest as regularly as they do on the Nile.

The Mississippi has long been called the Father of Waters. Let us make it also the Father of Lands. Save for the floodways, such a plan need not be executed at once. It should be planned at once. Reconstruction work can be carried out gradually as need arises, but in accordance with the plan. Every unit of construction to be built should form a part of the complete, perfected plan for the profitable use, as fertilizer, of the now wasted flood waters.

In the past we Americans have sacked frontier after frontier. For the future we must plan.

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